OL. 40 NO. 10

Lessons for January

OCTOBER 1953

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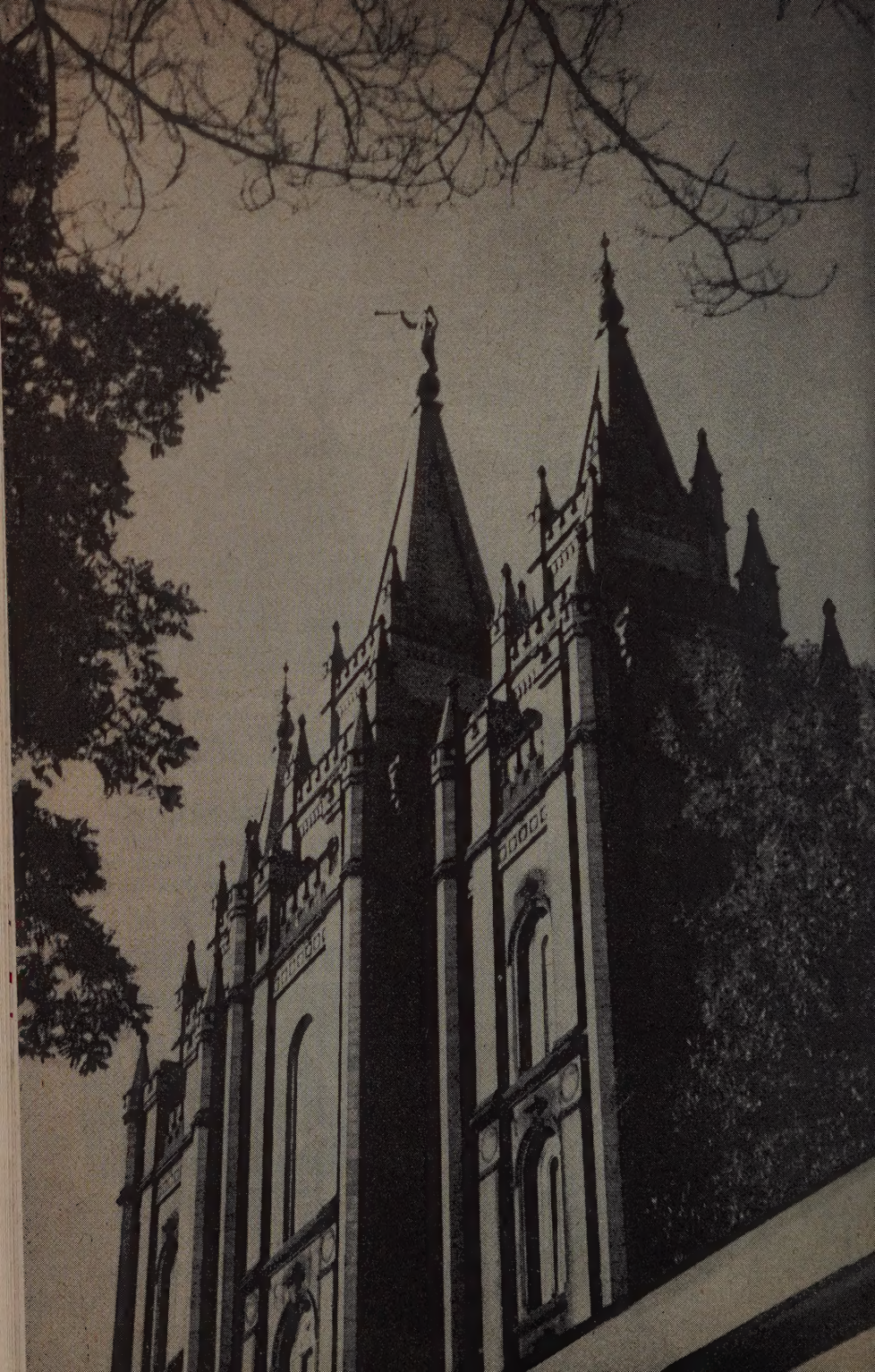

The Salt Lake Temple

Christie Lund Coles

Forty years, they say, it took
To quarry out the stone,
Forty years of toil and sweat
And aching bone.

Even more than toil, it took
Tenacity as hard
As the gray stones touching sky,
Reaching heavenward;

And love it took and vision
And soul dedication,
And a lifting pride that bore
The mind's elation.

The road ahead was dusty,
Unshaded to the sun,
Yet their faith was granite cool,
And the toilers, one.

Forty years! I lift my head
In reverence to see
The spires that mark their courage
For all eternity.

The Cover: Mount Moran, in the Teton Range, Wyoming
Photograph by Don Knight
Frontispiece: The Salt Lake Temple, Photograph by Willard Luce
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

At the annual Round-up of the League of Utah Writers, held in Logan in July, many contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* received special awards. Alice Morrey Bailey's poem "New Snow" (frontispiece in the *Magazine* for January 1953) and Eva Willes Wangsgaard's "No Barren Bough" (first prize poem in the Eliza R. Snow Contest, published in the January 1953 *Magazine*) received high awards in the published poetry division. Other contributors receiving awards were: Christie Lund Coles, Olive Woolley Burt, Mabel Harmer, Pansye H. Powell, Lael W. Hill, Mary Ek Knowles, and Thelma Lund.

—Mrs. Carl J. Christensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

I cannot refrain from writing to express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is always a joy to me, and I read each issue from cover to cover and re-read much of it. The July issue brings a special delight, for the cover picture, entitled "Los Angeles, California Skyline," is a photograph of beautiful West-Lake Park, with the Elks' Club building and Asbury Apartments in the background. It is very near the vicinity where we live, and I often walk through the park and enjoy its restful beauty and the clear, placid lake, with the ducks swimming across its serene surface, as the cover picture so clearly shows. This beautiful picture brought renewed enjoyment and appreciation of our nearby surroundings. The excellent editorial "Work—Not Drudgery" (by Counselor Velma N. Simonsen) is inspirational and encouraging. Work meetings are opportunities for happiness. "First Ladies of Our Land," by Elsie C. Carroll is a very fascinating and worthwhile article. Those women who held that honored station in days gone by are made to live again and help us to realize the worthiness and high repute of the men and women who have been the leaders of our great country. These excellent brief biographies have stimulated my interest in American history. Please continue this interesting series.

—Mrs. John A. Gardner
Los Angeles, California

Alice Morrey Bailey's poem "The Pepper Tree" (May 1953) has a delicately lilting structure, coupled with a homey theme to make a particularly pleasing poem. Eva Willes Wangsgaard's "Beyond the Strength of Rock" (June 1953) presents a beautiful thought handled with flawless craftsmanship.

—Iris Schow
Brigham City, Utah

The following exchange of letters regarding the editorial "Dwight D. Eisenhower Inaugurated President of the United States" (March 1953, by Vesta P. Crawford) will be of interest to readers of the *Magazine*.

Dear Mrs. Eisenhower: I am sending you the March 1953 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, which is a monthly magazine published by the Latter-day Saints Relief Society, and in which there is a magnificent editorial entitled "Dwight D. Eisenhower Inaugurated President of the United States." I thought your illustrious husband would appreciate reading it.

—Rachel S. Willes
Salt Lake City, Utah

The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mrs. Willes: Mrs. Eisenhower has asked me to thank you for your letter and for the copy of the March 1953 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. She appreciates your thoughtfulness in calling her attention to the editorial "Dwight D. Eisenhower Inaugurated President of the United States." Mrs. Eisenhower is putting the article in her scrapbook and thinks it was certainly kind of you to send it to her. This brings you Mrs. Eisenhower's best wishes.

—Mary Jane McCaffree,
Secretary to Mrs. Eisenhower

Permit me at this time to express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. We have only four members of the Relief Society here, and we enjoy the contact with the organization as a whole which is afforded through the *Magazine*.

—Ora Nell C. Folkman
Fayetteville, Arkansas

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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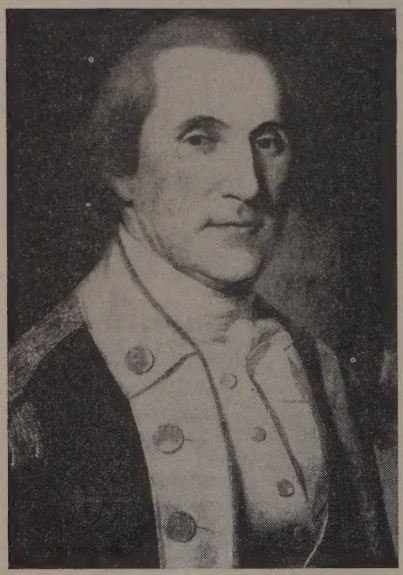
The Framers of the Constitution and Their Work

Dr. G. Homer Durham
Vice-President, University of Utah



GEORGE WASHINGTON

TO build a strong house, adequate building materials, intelligent workmen, and a sound plan are required. If any of the three is missing, the structure suffers.

In producing a frame of government for a political system, the problem is similar but infinitely more complicated and difficult. Whereas the achievements of architecture and construction engineering are virtually numberless, the net produce of statecraft over six thousand years of civilization is numbered and relatively small, perhaps two or three hundred "specimens." The great Roman state had an existence for two millenniums—from about 750 B.C. until the final expiration of the Eastern Empire at Constantinople in 1453 A.D. Queen Elizabeth II can look back to Alfred and a millennium of subtle growth for the British state and its marvelous commonwealth system. The Roman and British states were produced less by conscious design, however, than they were painfully evolved. Each has contributed its great legal system to the world—the civil law of Rome, and the common law of England, each as vital and alive today as centuries ago.

In rather interesting contrast, the Constitution of the United States reflects conscious design. Gladstone's tribute is well known. However, it must not be forgotten that the "building materials" of all previous systems, including Persia, Greece, Rome, and Europe, were available. As Samuel B. Pettengill wrote, "Our Constitution was 'far brought from out the storied past.'" The main mechanical features and principles of the Constitution—written law, federalism, separation of powers modified by a check-and-balance system, republicanism—were at least 2,000 years old as political "specimens" although not extensively used nor brought into harmonious relation in one system. It is wonderful that the framers wise-

ly selected the *right* materials, and *avoided* the use of others.

Who were these men? What were their attitudes?

George Washington, who presided over the fifty-five members of the convention, said: "*Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair . . . . The event is in the hand of God.*" Jefferson, who was in France and not present, called the group "an assembly of demi-gods." Of the 55 who attended (74 were chosen), 31 were lawyers; 31 had served in the Congress; the average age was 42. Madison, "the master-builder" of the instrument, was only 36. Gouverneur Morris, whose fluent pen produced the final draft of 84 original clauses, was only 35. All had political experience; most had helped draft state constitutions. Half were noteworthy scholars and college graduates; a unique distinction in that day. Not all legislative bodies of today, in the age of mass education, can say as much. To read through the records of the convention is to be impressed with the scholarship of the delegates. The efficacy of education, of the trained mind, is demonstrated on every hand. References to the Achaean League, to Roman institutions, to Locke, and other authorities are frequent. References to colonial, British, and practical experience are couched in informed, philosophical terms, marking the distinctions and refinements of scholarship.

Meeting in Philadelphia from May to September 17, 1787, the bulk of the work was done by about 35 members who attended regularly. Contrary to some popular traditions, there is no record that prayers were ever said in the convention, despite the 81-year old Franklin's plea that the "Father of lights" be appealed to in formal prayer during the June 1787 crisis when the meeting nearly dissolved.

TODAY, despite the passage of time and the transition of the United States from a nonentity to the most powerful nation on earth bearing world-wide obligations, 73 of the original 84 clauses that Morris' pen distilled for the final signing, remain intact; and despite 22 amendments. Moreover, the "living" Constitution appears to be stronger, and healthier, as Americans and their neighbors have come to appreciate its greatness and its advantages. It has been much prayed about since 1787!

Church members are familiar with the veneration heaped on the instrument by our religious leaders. Literature of the Church is filled with such utterances.[1] Let us turn then to an outside, non-American source, for a critical evaluation. Read what James Bryce — Lord Bryce — famous Oxford professor, British scholar, political scientist and diplomat, wrote in his two-volume work, *The American Commonwealth*:

> The Constitution . . . deserves the veneration with which the Americans have been accustomed to regard it . . . . After all deductions, it ranks above every other written constitution for the intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaptation to the circumstances of the people, the simplicity,

[1] See *Joseph Smith: Prophet-Statesman;* chapters in *The Discourses of Brigham Young; Gospel Doctrine; The Gospel Kingdom; The Discourses of Wilford Woodruff; Gospel Ideals.*

brevity, and precision of its language, its judicious mixture of definiteness in principle with elasticity in details.

These words ring as true today as in 1886 when Bryce published them—even more so.

Despite any record of prayer in the convention, it is evident to all believers that the framers' intelligence, their aspirations and choice, labored through the hot and humid Philadelphia summer of 1787, by means of effective debate and discussion, to the point that the "American Prophet," Joseph Smith and his friends in Liberty Jail, March 25, 1839, could write:

> . . . the Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God.

If great and good men can earnestly work together in a great cause; and, after much labor, sifting, selection, and discussion, arrive at proximity to the wisdom of the universe, it should be a fact, not only of inspiration, but of great encouragement in all human endeavor.

It is not enough merely to *claim* divine inspiration for the founders of the Republic. It is for us to *know why* "the laws and constitution" . . . were "suffered to be established. . . ." (D. & C. 101:77), and then sustain those principles intelligently. *Why* should we? What are the reasons? A little scholarship with the book of Doctrine and Covenants supplies the answers as to why the Constitution reflects inspiration. It was established:

> 1. For the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles;
> 2. That *every man* may act in doctrine and principle *pertaining to futurity*, according to the moral agency which I have given unto him . . . .
> 3. "Therefore, it is not right that any *man* should be in bondage one to another (D. & C. 101:77-79).

Then concludes the passage: "*And for this purpose* have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose . . . ." (D. & C. 101:80, December 16, 1833).

Why did those who "built the building" of the Constitution labor "not in vain"? As section 101 clearly states, so that the cause of human freedom, the free agency of man on this planet, might be vouchsafed.

Section 98, which preceded on August 6, 1833, contains the same premise for judging laws and political systems anywhere:

> And that law of the land which is constitutional, *supporting that principle of freedom* in maintaining rights and privileges, *belongs to all mankind*, and is justifiable before me (D. & C. 98:5).

As President John Taylor once wrote, "The worst wish we have for the human family is that the principles of the Constitution may reverberate from shore to shore, until all mankind are free." Its basic principles and their application in public policy require intelligent, informed support from all of us—and especially from those who believe in the doctrine that "it is founded in the wisdom of God." To establish justice, provide for the common defense, promote domestic tranquility, and preserve the blessings of liberty "to ourselves and our posterity" involve arduous, intelligent labor. Each citizen, therefore, has to continue and carry on the work of the framers. This is our job, our political calling, and our obligation. No one may shirk the task.

Portraits of the Signers of the Constitution of the United States

FORTY signatures were attached to the Constitution of the United States in the Federal Convention on September 17, 1787, by thirty nine delegates, representing twelve States, and the secretary of the Convention (William Jackson), as the attesting officer. George Washington, who signed as president of the Convention, was a delegate from Virginia. Rhode Island sent no delegates.

Thirty-seven portraits are here reproduced. Portraits of the following three of the signers are not available:

David Brearley, an eminent lawyer, was Chief Justice of New Jersey and a delegate to the Confederate Convention. Active in colonial boundary disputes, he supported the cause of the small states in the Constitutional Convention. He is credited with the first decision in American history of the judicial power declaring an act of the legislature unconstitutional.

Thomas Fitzsimons, prominent merchant and financier, self-educated, was a member of the Continental Congress. He arrived at the Constitutional Convention promptly on May 14th and took a prominent part in the debate. He rode a famous European stallion in the Philadelphia "Federal Procession" which celebrated with great pomp the ratification of the Constitution. He was later a member of the House of Representatives.

Jacob Broom "who arrived in his carriage in a heavy rain on May 25th" at the Constitutional Convention, gave loyal support on minor committees, but was inconspicuous in the debates of the Convention.

The portraits were secured from the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., with the following credit lines:

Portraits from paintings by Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827): John Dickinson, Gunning Bedford, Thomas Mifflin, Jared Ingersoll, William Jackson (miniature), Robert Morris, George Clymer, and Rufus King. Rembrandt Peale (1778-1860) painted the original portrait of Jared Ingersoll. John Trumbull (1756-1843) painted the portraits of Daniel Jenifer, and Alexander Hamilton. James Sharples (1751-1811) painted the portraits of John Langdon, William Few, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Richard Dobbs Spaight. Gilbert Stuart (1755-1828) painted the portraits of James Madison and William Samuel Johnson, and James Peale painted the portrait of George Washington. The following portraits are from the collection of the New York Public Library: Charles Pinckney, William Livingston, William Blount, and Nathaniel Gorham. The original portraits of the following statesmen are in Independence Hall, Philadelphia: John Dickinson, John Langdon, William Few, Gunning Bedford, Thomas Mifflin, Jared Ingersoll, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Robert Morris, Richard Dobbs Spaight, George Washington, and Rufus King. The portraits of Hugh Williamson and John Rutledge are from engravings from paintings by John Trumbull; the portrait of George Read is from an engraving by Samuel Sartain from a painting in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; the portrait of Benjamin Franklin is by David Martin (1736-1798); the likeness of James Wilson is from an etching by Max Rosenthal from a miniature in possession of the family; the portrait of Pierce Butler is from a miniature owned by Mrs. Sarah Butler Wistar of Philadelphia; Daniel Carroll's portrait is from the original owned by Miss Emily L. Harper of Baltimore, Md.; John Blair's portrait is from an etching by Max Rosenthal from a miniature in possession of the family; the portrait of William Paterson is owned by Mrs. J. Lawrence Boggs of Perth Amboy, N. J.; Nicholas Gilman's portrait is from a miniature owned by Mrs. Charles H. Bell, Exeter, N. H.; Charles B. J. F. de St. Memin engraved or drew the likenesses of Jonathan Dayton, James McHenry, and Richard Bassett; the portrait of Gouverneur Morris is from a painting by Thomas Sully, in possession of the family; Abraham Baldwin's portrait is from an engraving from a drawing after an original sketch by Robert Fulton (1765-1815); painting of George Clymer is owned by Mrs. George Clymer, Wash. D. C.

John Rutledge (1739-1800). Born and died at Charleston, South Carolina. Member of the Stamp Act Congress 1765, and of the Continental Congress from S. C. 1774-1775 and 1782-1783; Governor of South Carolina 1776-1778; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; Chief Justice of South Carolina 1791-1795.

James Madison (1751-1836). Born at Port Conway, Virginia, died at Montpelier, Virginia. Fourth president of the United States 1809-1817; a member of Congress from Virginia 1780-1783 and 1789-1797; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; drew up the Virginia Resolutions of 1798; Secretary of State 1801-1809.

Robert Morris (1734-1806). Born at Liverpool, England, died at Philadelphia, Pa. Member of Continental Congress from Pa. 1775-1778; established the Bank of North America in 1781; member of the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Senator from Pennsylvania 1789-1795.

Gouverneur Morris (1752-1816). Member of Congress from New York 1776; one of the committee on drafting the Constitution in 1787; United States Minister to France 1792-1794; United States Senator from New York 1800-1803.

Nathaniel Gorham (1738-1796). Born and died at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Member of the Colonial Legislature from Massachusetts 1771-1775; delegate to the Provincial Congress 1774-1775, and member of the Board of War 1778-1781; delegate to the Continental Congress 1782-1783, and 1785-1787, serving as president 1786; member of Constitutional Convention 1787.

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790). Born at Boston, Massachusetts, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Member of Congress from Pennsylvania 1775, 1776; one of a committee of five on drafting the Declaration of Independence; Ambassador to France; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787.

Daniel Carroll (d. 1829). Born in Maryland; died at Washington, D.C., at a great age. Member of the old Congress from Maryland; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; Representative in Congress 1789-1791; his farm formed the site of the present city of Washington.

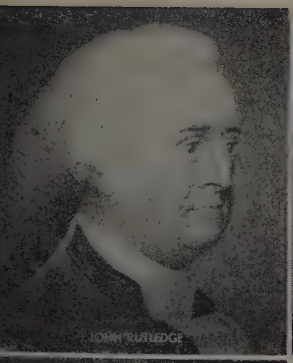
John Blair (1732-1800). Born and died at Williamsburg, Virginia. American jurist; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; the only other delegate from Virginia who voted with Washington and Madison for the adoption of the Constitution; Justice of the United States Supreme Court 1789-1796.

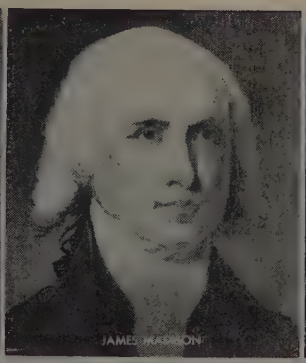
Abraham Baldwin (1754-1807). Born at Guilford, Connecticut, died at Washington, D.C. American politician; member of Congress from Georgia 1785-1788 and 1789-1799; member of the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Senator 1799-1807; president pro tempore of the Senate 1801-1802.

Hugh Williamson (1735-1819). Born at West Nottingham, Pennsylvania, died at New York City. Member of Congress from North Carolina 1784-1786 and 1790-1793; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787, also to the State Convention to act on the Constitution in 1789.

George Read (1733-1798). Born in Cecil County, Maryland, died at Newcastle, Delaware. Member of Congress from Delaware 1774-1776; member of the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Senator 1789-1793; Chief Justice of Delaware 1793-1798.

William Paterson (about 1744-1806). Born at sea; died at Albany, New York. Member of Congress from New Jersey 1780-1781; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Senator from N. J. 1789-1790; Governor of New Jersey 1791-1793; Justice of the United States Supreme Court 1793-1806.


JOHN RUTLEDGE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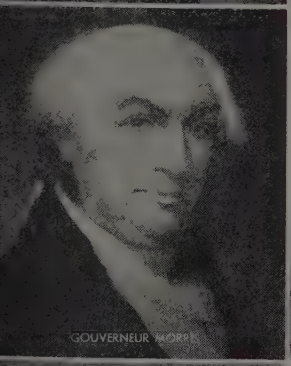
ROBERT MORRIS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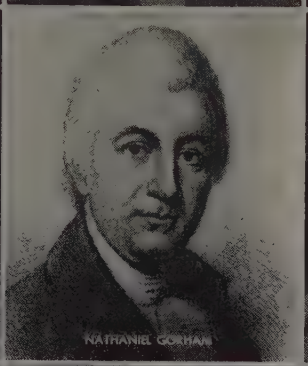
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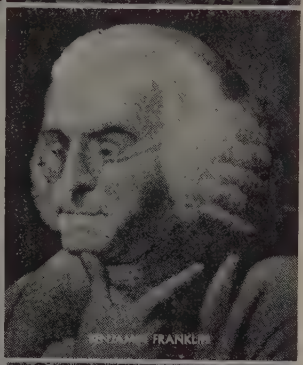
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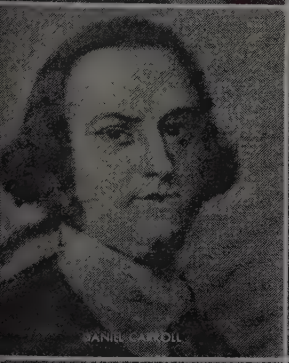
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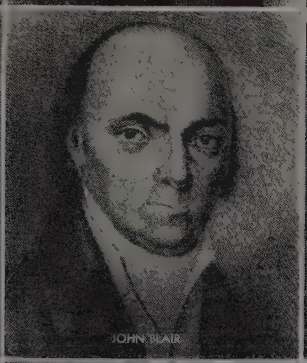
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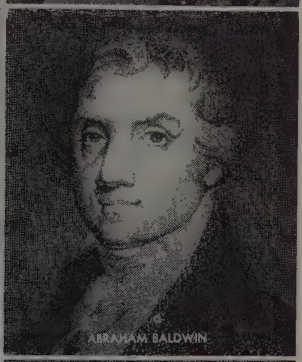
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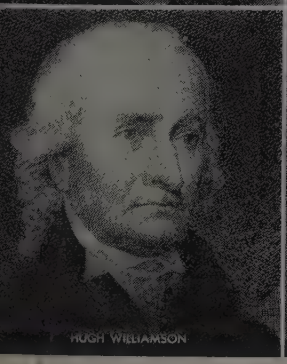
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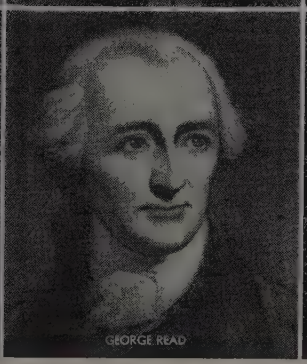
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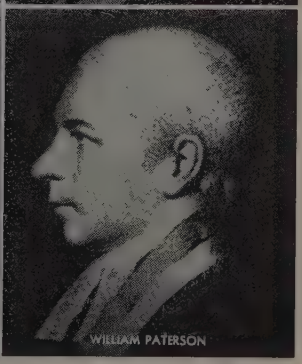

WILLIAM PATERSON

Jonathan Dayton (1760-1824). Born and died at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Delegate from New Jersey to the Constitutional Convention 1787; member of Congress from New Jersey 1791-1799; United States Senator from New Jersey 1799-1805.

William Jackson (1759-1828). Born in Cumberland, England, died at Philadelphia. American Revolutionary soldier; aide-de-camp to General Washington. Assistant Secretary of War 1782-1783; secretary to the Constitutional Convention 1787; aide and private secretary to President Washington during his first administration.

Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804). Born on the Island of Nevis, West Indies; died at New York. Member of General Washington's staff 1777-1781; member of Congress from New York 1782-1783, of the Constitutional Convention 1787, and of the New York Ratifying Convention 1788; Secretary of the Treasury 1789-1795; mortally wounded in a duel with Aaron Burr.

Pierce Butler (1744-1822). Born in Ireland; died at Philadelphia. Officer in the British army, but resigned before the Revolution; member of Congress from South Carolina 1787, and of the Constitutional Convention 1787; Senator 1789-1796 and 1802 and 1804.

William Blount (1744-1800). Born in North Carolina, died at Knoxville, Tenn. Member of Congress from N. C. 1782-1783 and 1786-1787; member Constitutional Convention 1787; appointed Governor of territory south of the Ohio 1790; made president of the convention to form the State of Tennessee in 1796, also United States Senator.

Richard Bassett (d. 1815). Born in Delaware. Member of Congress from Del. 1785; member of the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Senator from Del. 1789-1793; Governor of Delaware 1798-1801; United States Circuit Judge 1801-1802.

John Dickinson (1732-1808). Born at Crosia, Md.; died at Wilmington, Delaware. Member Colonial Congress 1765, and Continental Congress 1774; President of Pennsylvania 1782-1785; member Federal Convention 1787; founder of Dickinson College.

William Samuel Johnson (1727-1819). Delegate to Stamp Act Congress; Colonial Counsel at London in 1766-71, later Judge of the Superior Court. Represented Conn. at Confederation Congress in 1784-87. Elected United States Senator from Connecticut in 1789, and retired in 1791 when the capital was moved to Philadelphia.

Thomas Mifflin (1744-1800). Born at Philadelphia, died at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. American Revolutionary general and politician; delegate to the Continental Congress 1774, and was a member 1783 and 1785; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787. President of Pennsylvania 1788-1790, and its first Governor, holding office for three terms.

Gunning Bedford, Jr. (1747-1812). Born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, died at Wilmington, Delaware. Aide-de-camp to General Washington during Revolution; member of Congress from Delaware 1783-1786; member of the Constitutional Convention; United States Judge for the District of Delaware from 1789 until his last illness.

Roger Sherman (1721-1793). Born in Newton, Massachusetts; died at New Haven, Conn. Member State Assembly Com. 1755. Judge of Connecticut Superior Court 1766-89. Mayor of New Haven 1784-93. Nineteen years in State Senate. Delegate to Continental Congress in 1774. Helped to draft Declaration of Independence and Articles of Confederation. Prominent in Constitutional Convention 1787. In the House 1789-91 and the Senate 1791-93.

Richard Dobbs Spaight (1758-1802). Born and died at New Berne, North Carolina. Member of the North Carolina Legislature 1781-1783; member of Congress from North Carolina 1783 and 1798-1801; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; elected Governor of North Carolina 1792.

GUNNING BEDFORD, JR.
ROGER SHERMAN

James Wilson (1742-1798). Born near St. Andrew's, Scotland, died at Edenton, North Carolina. Delegate to the Continental Congress from Pennsylvania 1775-1777; member of the Constitutional Convention 1787; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States 1789-1798.

Nicholas Gilman (1755-1814). Born and died at Exeter, New Hampshire. American patriot and statesman; member of Congress from New Hampshire 1786-1788, and 1789-1797; member of the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Senator 1805-1814.

Daniel Jenifer (1723-1790). Born and died in Maryland. American patriot; delegate to the Continental Congress from Maryland 1778-1782, and the Constitutional Convention 1787.

George Clymer (1739-1813). Born at Philadelphia, died at Morrisville, Pa. Member of the Continental Congress from Pennsylvania 1776-1777; member of the Constitutional Convention in 1787.

Jared Ingersoll (1749-1822). Born in Connecticut, died at Philadelphia. Member of Congress from Pennsylvania 1780-1781, and of the Constitutional Convention 1787. Unsuccessful Federal candidate for Vice-President of United States in 1812.

William Livingston (1723-1790). Born at Albany, New York, died at Elizabethtown, N. J. Member of Congress from N. J. 1774-1776; Governor of New Jersey 1776-1790; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787.

William Few (1748-1828). Born in Baltimore County, Maryland, died at Fishkill, New York. Served in Revolution as colonel; member of Congress from Georgia 1780-1782 and 1785-1788; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; one of the first two Senators from Georgia 1789-1793; member of the New York State Legislature 1802-1805.

Rufus King (1755-1827). Born at Scarborough, Maine, died at Jamaica, Long Island, New York. Member of Congress from Massachusetts 1784; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787, and of the Massachusetts Ratifying Convention 1787-1788; United States Senator from New York 1789-1796 and 1813; 1825; United States Minister to Great Britain 1796-1803 and 1825-1826.

James McHenry (1753-1816). Born in Ireland; died at Baltimore, Maryland. Joined the American army in 1776 as assistant surgeon; secretary to Washington 1778-1780; Maryland Senator 1781-1786; member of Congress from Maryland 1783-1786, and of the Constitutional Convention 1787; United States Secretary of War 1796-1801.

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (1746-1825). Born and died at Charleston, South Carolina. Member of the Constitutional Convention in 1787; special envoy to France 1796-1797; unsuccessful Federalist candidate for Vice-President of the United States 1800, and for President 1804 and 1808.

John Langdon (1739-1819). Born and died at Portsmouth, N. H.. Delegate to the Continental Congress from N. H. 1775, resigned June 1776; again a delegate in 1783; delegate to the Constitutional Convention 1787; Governor of New Hampshire in 1788, 1805-1812 with the exception of one year. United States Senator 1789-1801.

Charles Pinckney (1758-1824). Born and died at Charleston, S. C. Member of Congress from S. C. 1785 and 1819-1821, and of the Constitutional Convention 1787; Governor of South Carolina 1789-1792, 1796-1798, and 1806-1808; United States Senator 1798-1801 United States Minister to Spain 1802-1805.

DANIEL JENIFER
WILLIAM LIVINGSTON
RUFUS KING
JAMES McHENRY
CHARLES PINCKNEY

Boyhood of President David O. McKay

Jeanette McKay Morrell

[Second Article in a Series on the Ancestry and Life of President David O. McKay]

PRESIDENT David O. McKay was born September 8, 1873, in one of the loveliest mountain valleys in the then Territory of Utah. The little town of Huntsville nestles at the foot of the mountains, with a canyon to the east leading to ideal camping grounds, and another to the west, with a good highway which passes Pine View Lake and goes on into Ogden City.

David was ushered into the world by Mary Heathman Smith, lovingly known as "Grandma Smith," who was more than an ordinary midwife of her time. She had received medical training in England, which prepared her to go far beyond the practice of obstetrics, whenever her skill was required. David was the first son and the third member of a family of ten children.

His childhood was a happy one, and his pleasures were those every child longs for and enjoys. He owned a dog, a pony, pigeons, rabbits, and a magpie that learned to talk. He was active in all the games known to inventive youngsters, and best of all, he was born into a home full of love and sympathetic understanding.

His first great sorrow came when he was only seven, for it was early in 1880 that both his older sisters passed away. Margaret, the elder of the two, was too ill to attend school when it opened in the autumn, and as little was understood then about rheumatic fever, she grew gradually worse until March 28, the date of her death. It was a sad time for this household when Ellena, the second daughter, developed pneumonia and died the day of her sister's funeral, April first. The grave was enlarged, and the two were placed side by side as they had always been during their short lives of nine and eleven years.

It was only one year later that David's father received a call to do missionary work in Scotland. Another baby was expected shortly, and the father was reluctant to leave his wife with the responsibility of the family and the farm, for which the last payment had recently been made. The hopes and plans that had been in their minds for so long, regarding the enlargement of the house and furnishing it, seemed almost within their grasp, and now, because of this call, everything must be postponed.

The mother of President McKay, however, like his grandmothers, was equal to any sacrifice, and insisted on her husband's accepting the call and leaving with the company of missionaries he was expected to join. Consequently, the father left for the long journey across the ocean on April 19, 1881, and David O.'s childhood came to an end. His

DAVID McKAY AND JENNETTE EVANS McKAY, PARENTS OF PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

At the time of their marriage, April 9, 1867

father had asked him to "take care of mama" during his absence, and from that moment he assumed responsibility far beyond his years.

THE new baby daughter, the sixth in the family, arrived ten days after her father's departure, but the news of her birth did not reach him until after he was settled in Scotland. Then, as always during his mission, the letter said, "Everything at home is going smoothly, and we are all well, so you must not worry about us." Many times during his absence there were serious problems to be solved, but their existence never reached the absent missionary. He received only encouraging reports of the baby's development, and the wonderful help the two boys were giving, and of the great kindness of relatives, neighbors, and friends.

Before leaving, Brother McKay had arranged for a man to take the responsibility of the cattle and the other outside work. He came, bringing a yoke of oxen with him, and these became an additional barnyard worry. He had not been at the home long before he decided to go away to visit distant relatives, leaving the oxen behind. One evening when David O. and his mother were feeding the animals, they came at last to the discouraging task of carrying sufficient hay to satisfy these large bovines, which seemed to eat faster than they could be sup-

DAVID McKAY AND JENNETTE EVANS McKAY AND THEIR FOUR OLDER CHILDREN

Photograph taken in 1877

Left to right: Margaret, who died March 28, 1880, at the age of eleven; David O. McKay; Thomas E. McKay; Ellena, who died April 1, 1880, at the age of nine.

plied. The boy, with tears in his eyes, said, "Now let's give them two large armfuls of hay, and then run to the house before they eat it."

In spite of all difficulties, the two boys were kept in school, but were taught to assume their part of the home duties, which they did willingly because it was "helping mama." Family prayer had always been a regular procedure in the McKay home, and now with the mother left alone with her small family, it seemed even a more important part of each day's beginning and closing. David was taught to take his turn in this religious rite, and the little group was united more closely than it could have been without this wonderful institution.

With the assistance of her husband's Priesthood quorum, the spring planting was done, and the season was a good one for bounteous crops. Hay brought a good price, but grain was down, so the family was advised to keep that part of the harvest until prices advanced. At some sacrifice, this was done, and in the spring the price of grain was higher than it had ever been before, and, as a result, there was a fair-sized bank account at the end of the season.

Encouraged by their success, the mother and son found the following year profitable, and their bank account increased until they felt justified in making the addition to the home which had previously been planned. The original part of the house had been built by William

Christy and William McKay, the latter not a relative but the missionary who had converted the William McKay family in Scotland. These builders had moved from the town, and it was necessary to secure others, but that was not difficult, as Huntsville boasted of many artisans in every line of work. This addition was made without the knowledge of the absent missionary, and was a wonderful surprise when he returned in 1883. On November 20 of that year, he was made bishop of the Eden Ward, and, on March 29, 1885, he was ordained bishop of the Huntsville Ward, to succeed Bishop Francis A. Hammond.

BISHOP McKay's home was always open to visitors who came to Huntsville. There was no hotel in the town, and no restaurant, so everyone called at the bishop's and found a welcome. The table in the large dining room was always out full length, and guest rooms were occupied, especially on week ends. Patriarch John Smith was a frequent visitor, and would spend two or three weeks giving blessings to members of the three wards in the valley. On one of these occasions, July 27, 1887, David O. received his patriarchal blessing, and at the close, the white-haired visitor placed his hand

THE FAMILY OF DAVID McKAY AND JENNETTE EVANS McKAY
Photograph taken in 1897

Front row, left to right: David McKay; Dr. William McKay; Katherine McKay Ricks; Morgan McKay, Elizabeth McKay Hill; Jennette Evans McKay.

Back row, left to right: Jennette McKay Morrell; David O. McKay; Thomas E. McKay; Ann McKay Farr.

on the boy's shoulder and said, "My boy, you have something to do besides playing marbles."

David went to the kitchen where his mother was preparing dinner, and said, "If he thinks I am going to stop playing marbles, he is mistaken." The wise mother sat down with her son and explained what Brother Smith really meant.

Two years later, his sister Ann was baptized on her birthday, as was the family custom, and with her were three cousins and a friend of about the same age. As the group came from the swimming hole toward the house, they met Brothers Richard Ballantyne, George Goddard, and William Willis, who had come to attend the Sunday School conference, which was to be held the following day. These visitors assisted with the confirmations of the young people, and that evening, at the family prayer, Brother Goddard thanked our Heavenly Father that he had been permitted to participate in such a marvelous ceremony, when five children had become members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All the younger members of the family, kneeling in that circle, who had taken baptism as a matter of course, were impressed by its sacredness as they had never been before.

David O. was made secretary of the Huntsville Sunday School on January 27, 1889, and became a teacher in the same organization on August 20, 1893. He was in the presidency of the deacon's quorum when the duties of the deacons were far more arduous than at present. They kept the chapel clean and in order, chopped wood to keep fires going for Sunday School and for all other Church gatherings. They were also sent by twos to chop wood for the widows of the ward.

The presidency of Weber Stake, Brothers Lewis W. Shurtliff, Charles F. Middleton, and Nels C. Flygare, were as well known in the McKay home as though they were relatives, because of their regular visits to the ward. Stake officers of the auxiliary organizations came quite regularly, and were honored guests always. These included Sisters Jane S. Richards, Emily Shurtliff, Harriet Brown, Josephine West, Elizabeth Stanford, Aunt Rose Canfield, Harriet Woodmansee, and many, many others. Mother, often weary from so much entertaining, would say, "They always leave a blessing in our home, so we are happy to have them." One of the happiest days of her life was when President Wilford Woodruff, with his Counselors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, sat at her dinner table together. Apostle Orson F. Whitney came occasionally, and on one of his visits wrote one of his longest poems. In the evenings, around the large fireplace, he would entertain the family reading his own poems and those of his favorite authors. After one of these occasions, he sent an autographed copy of his poems, which is still among the treasures of the Old Home.

This was the environment in which President McKay spent his boyhood and early manhood, but his life was far from being consistently serious. He enjoyed swim-

DAVID O. McKAY AND HIS SISTER JEANETTE McKAY MORRELL
At the time of their graduation from the University of Utah in 1897

ming, horseback riding, reading, baseball, dancing, playing the piano with the town's dance orchestra, acting in home dramatics, debating, singing in the glee club, and in all these activities he was an enthusiastic leader.

Once when David accompanied his father to the canyon to get a load of timber to build the large barn, they had to spend the night in the mountains. The father would chop the large trees and David would hitch them to the singletree and snake them down the mountainside to the wagon. That night, sleeping on their bed of pine boughs, David was awakened by the howls of coyotes and the crashing of bears through the brush near the camp. He was so frightened he nearly cried out, but hearing his father's even breathing, he nestled up to him and knew instinctively that there was protection and security as long as he was near, so he, too, soon slept soundly under the stars. Bishop McKay's influence upon his family always meant loving security and understanding sympathy.

AFTER completing the eighth grade in the Huntsville school, David attended Weber Stake Academy in Ogden. During this time he lived at the home of his Grandmother Evans, and the old rock house on Twenty-eighth Street became a second home to him. He remained at the academy two years and then returned to Huntsville as a teacher in the public school.

From here he entered the University of Utah and was graduated as president of his class in 1897. He was a member of the first football team that brought honor to his alma mater. His university days were among the most important of his life, for it was here he met Emma Ray Riggs, who later became his wife, and her charming mother. When the young people first met, David O. was "going out" with a beautiful classmate, and Ray was engaged to a fine young man in the business world.

David had made arrangements to teach the year following his graduation, and was greatly perturbed when he received a letter asking him to do missionary work in Great Britain. In his family no one had ever refused a call to work in any capacity in the Church, and this tradition probably assisted him in his decision to change his own plans and spend two years as a missionary.

By this time there were four brothers and four sisters in the McKay household, and his leaving was the first break in the family circle. While everyone was proud of his worthiness and willingness to go, there was sadness at parting. The distance from home to Scotland seemed so much greater then than now, with fast boats and airplanes making the two countries neighbors.

David O. received a blessing, setting him apart for this new work, and he knew he would have the prayers of his parents, brothers, and sisters; so he left his home feeling that all would be well with him and with the loved ones he was leaving.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 1

Alice Morrey Bailey

STEPHEN Thorpe awoke with a start and sat up in bed in his hotel room, feeling that something was wrong at home with his small children, Davey, Ilene, and little Phyllis. It was, he thought, the same kind of intuition that their mother, Ellen, used to have before her death, when one of the children was running a temperature in the night. For a week he had been arguing himself out of such fears, telling himself that the new maid was all right, that they were probably well and happy and trying to reassure himself until his week's work would be accomplished.

But now, at last, he swung out of bed, shrugged into his robe, for the room was icy, closed the window, and went to the wall telephone. He jiggled the receiver until the sleepy night clerk answered.

"Get me Keystone 3943, Denver," he instructed, and then paced the floor waiting for the call to go through. Perhaps if it had gone through this afternoon he wouldn't have this frantic feeling now, but then there had been no answer at his home. He had meant to call earlier in the evening, but the mine officials had kept him talking machinery.

Perhaps Gloria, the young girl he had hired, had had them out for a walk just at that time. The weather up in these mountains was so cold, however, that this thought only gave him further misgivings about adequate wraps. The telephone rang.

"There is no answer at all at that number," the operator said. "Shall I keep trying and ring you again?"

"Try again now," Steve ordered. "Keep ringing. They are probably asleep and hard to waken."

"Yes, Sir," the operator replied, and he could once more hear the insistent ringing at his home, for what seemed half an hour. There was still no answer, and panic took hold of him. What could have happened to them? Whom could he call?

No one. He had no close relatives in Denver, and had made no intimate friends in the short time since he moved there to take a position in the home office of the Pikes Peak Mining and Milling Machinery Company.

He remembered Miss Tate, his secretary in the office, but discarded the thought of her immediately. She was already showing too much personal interest in him since his arrival.

"I'm sorry, Sir. There is no answer."

Steve sensed, rather than heard the edge to her voice. "Shall I try later and ring you again?"

"Thank you, no," Steve replied, hanging up reluctantly.

The urgency to go home was so strong upon him that he began feverishly to dress.

"What am I thinking of?" he asked himself. "I can't go home yet." He couldn't go until after the meeting of the Kettle Creek Mine officials tomorrow at ten. That was the climax to his week of talking, of demonstrating Pikes Peak machinery for their new flotation installations. If he left now the whole deal would probably be off, or the order likely go to a rival concern.

NEVERTHELESS, he stripped his clothes from the hangers in the closet and packed them automatically into his suitcase. Before he closed the lid he hesitated, looking at his watch. Four o'clock in the morning. He could travel down out of these winter mountains, covering the 150 miles in four hours, but by no stretch of the imagination could he get home and back by ten o'clock.

He thought of calling the general manager of the mine and asking to have the meeting postponed, but discarded the idea as bad psychology, especially knowing that the man suffered from insomnia. His conflict between going home or staying on the job seemed to be wrenching him apart. The owner of his firm, J. T. Holden, wouldn't like being wakened at this heathenish hour, either, but there was no help for it. Steve went to the telephone again, and once more roused the sleepy night clerk.

"Send a man up there?" shouted J. T. when Steve told him. "Steve, you stay there and see this thing through."

"I can't. There's an emergency at home. I have to come to Denver. Send Jim to take my place. It's in the bag, I tell you. All done but the signing."

"Maybe. Steve, we've been trying to sell to Kettle Creek for ten years. I just know you can swing this. Every man I've sent there before has failed—I failed myself."

"I'm sorry, J. T." said Steve miserably. "I know how important it is. I do have to go home, though."

IT was no easy drive from Kettle Creek to Denver, with the steep descent over icy roads; but while Steve drove the hairpin curves, his mind was on his children. All the problems of the past year since Ellen's death surged through him.

At first there had been many friendly hands to help a young man in his sudden grief. An embolism had taken her, the doctor had said. One minute Ellen was there, laughing, teasing about going home from the hospital. The next minute she was dead, leaving a baby only five days old, and two other children, Ilene, two, and Davey, three.

Everything had been done to help him—his house cleaned, food left in silent sympathy, and someone on hand to help with the children. That was before he moved to the city. That was what came of living in a small town, of having neighbors and lifelong friends, but that couldn't go on forever. Steve had always carried his own loads, and he wasn't stopping now. His mother and sister, Geneve, had wept and called him foolish when he took the job in Denver, and insisted upon taking the children there with him.

Geneve had wanted to rear them,

since she had none of her own, but her husband, Felix, didn't want her to assume that responsibility. His mother had come with him to Denver, leaving his father for Geneve to look after, and she had stayed with him three months, but her health was failing, and Steve had sent her home on the train, assuring her that Inga, the new Swedish housekeeper, was just perfect for the job.

But Inga hadn't been. She was a good worker, and she could manage the children, but she couldn't understand them, nor they her. It just hadn't worked out. Thinking of the succession of housekeepers since, however, Steve longed again for Inga. Things had gone from bad to worse in the ensuing four months, and the worst was Gloria, little, incompetent Gloria, with her evasive eyes and careless ways. She had been with them only two weeks when Steve was sent to Kettle Creek.

Under no circumstances would he have hired her, except that she was all he could get soon enough to train before leaving. Traveling hadn't been in the bargain when he came to Denver, rather, the move had been made to end traveling so he could be more with the children. But J. T. had taken a fancy to him from the start, and seemed to think he was some sort of miracle selling man. Kettle Creek, unsold on their machinery, was a thorn in J. T's side, so Steve had been sent there. Perhaps Mr. Holden wouldn't think so well of him now, after leaving before this meeting.

At last Denver sprawled before him, in the murky February weather, soggy clouds and dirty snow and shadowed buildings along the highway.

IT was a relief to see his own house still standing after the fears of the last night, but those same fears were justified once he was home, for he could hear Phyllis crying as soon as the car stopped in the garage. They were all in the kitchen, Davey, Ilene, and Phyllis, unkempt and hungry. Phyllis was cold, and her eyes were red and swollen. She gave a racking dry cough almost with every breath.

Steve swept her into his arms and went for a blanket, peeling off her wet night clothes as he went. Davey and Ilene trotted after him, squealing their delight at his coming, clinging to his legs.

"Where's Gloria?" he demanded.

She was there, appearing suddenly in the doorway, her hair tousled from sleep, her eyes puffy, and her mouth still smeared with last night's lipstick.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, pausing with the baby in his arms.

"I was just getting up," she began lamely, "I was tired out."

"And where were you last night when the telephone was ringing?"

"Well, I . . ." she began, and stopped, measuring his face, trying to read how much he knew.

"Where were you, Gloria?"

"I was out in front, in a car, I guess. My boy friend . . . ."

"At four o'clock in the morning?"

"When do you expect me to go out?" she flared. "I was listening for the kids."

"How could you hear them if you

couldn't hear the telephone?" Steve wanted to know.

"Mr. Thorpe!" she answered, full of indignation, "you can take care of your own kids. I was just waiting to quit when you got home."

She flounced to her room to pack, slamming the door, and Steve's sudden anger was spent. He should not have lashed out at her, but turned his rage on the real culprit—himself. How could he have hired her? But, then, maybe he could have helped her—with patience, and time.

The children had been watching the scene with wide eyes.

"Gloria bad girl," pronounced Davey.

"Gloria bad gole," echoed Ilene. "Slap Ilene."

She slapped her own little face smartly to demonstrate, grinning at Steve. He groaned, caught her in his arms, and kissed her, his pity for the inexperienced Gloria rapidly becoming extinct.

He wrote the girl a check and called to her that he was leaving it on the desk.

"Come on, now. Into the bathroom, all of you. I'm going to dunk you in the tub and then fix you a dandy breakfast."

STEVE put the blanketed Phyllis on a chair, while he scoured the tub. He eyed Phyllis with misgivings. Davey and Ilene shouted and splashed with the fun of bathing, but the baby sat limply gazing at him and whimpering in misery. In his concern for her, he scarcely heard Gloria leave the house.

The only clean clothes he could find were unironed in the returned laundry, but he used them and got Phyllis washed and out of the tub as soon as possible. He put her in the big double bed where he and Davey usually slept and covered her up to the chin. She cried when he left the room to get the others, and when he got back she was standing beside the bed in her nightgown.

"Here you watch Phyllis. Keep her covered while I get you something to eat," he said to Davey.

No wonder Gloria had left! A man needed six hands to cope with the little eels, he thought, looking at them fondly. They were beautiful children.

Davey had Ellen's black hair and dark blue eyes. He had a straight, manly little face and a well-shaped head. Ilene had a round little gamin face, bright blue eyes, and dimples. Both girls were blonde, their cornsilk hair lying in waves like Steve's own. Phyllis was baby-plump, a pink and gold miracle. They were all babies, for that matter, with the soft, vague motions of babies, the tiny violin voices that sharpened into birdlike shrillness when they were excited. Steve's heart swelled with his love for them until it felt near to bursting.

There wasn't much to eat in the house, he found. A half-empty carton of milk was on the floor beside the glass which Davey had been trying to fill when Steve came. He mopped up the milk and found a few slices of bread, some butter, and a can of pears.

While the bread was toasting, Steve cleared the kitchen table by the simple expedient of stacking everything in the sink. It didn't

look as if the dishes had been done for days. He filled the baby's bottle and divided the rest of the milk evenly, and the pears.

Davey and Ilene ate avidly, stopping only to call "Mo! Mo!" until everything was gone. Phyllis snatched at the milk, but drank it indifferently and pushed away the fruit Steve offered her. She put her little head against his chest, where it felt hot as a tiny stove, and made his heart pound in apprehension.

Perhaps an aspirin would be good for her, he thought, but there weren't any in the house. The drugstores wouldn't be open for another half hour, so he took Phyllis back to bed and sat with her until she went to sleep. Maybe she would sleep it off, he thought hopefully.

There were so many things to do it was hard to tell where to begin—groceries to be bought, competent help found, and the house to be cleaned. Just now his difficulties seemed almost insurmountable, with his work to worry about, too. No time to waste thinking about his worries, though, he decided.

THE children hung on his knees when he telephoned, trotted after him as he strode through the house picking up papers and soiled linen, straightening furniture, and tossing trashy magazines, relics of Gloria, into wastebaskets. He remembered how it was when there was a wife and mother in his household. Ellen had been a model housekeeper.

He was still washing dishes when Phyllis awoke, crying and coughing. It was plain to see that sleep had not cured her. Her breathing had become visibly difficult, and her nostrils pinched in with each shallow breath. Her eyes and cheeks were unnaturally bright.

Steve telephoned for a doctor in a panic, and then called his mother long distance, knowing full well that he should have asked her to stay with the children while he was in Kettle Creek. It was his sister, Geneve, who answered the telephone, though, and rushed into conversation before he could tell why he had called.

"Oh, Steve! I'm so glad you called. I knew you'd be worried, but mother came through the operation just fine. The doctor says she'll be out of the hospital in a week, and we're taking them home, both her and dad. I'm here now, getting his clothes."

"Just *what* happened?" asked Steve in sudden fear.

"I guess my letter was rather incoherent. You know those attacks mother has been having? Well, they were gallstones."

Steve finished the conversation without adding his own difficulties to theirs, and cradled Phyllis in his arms until the doctor came.

"Your baby has pneumonia," was the pronouncement. "You will have to have a nurse. I'll send you a fine one I know. How are you off financially?"

Well, the man came straight to the point! No beating about the bush at a time like this, while Steve's baby, perhaps, lay dying.

"I have some insurance," he answered shortly.

Actually his little family kept him

(*Continued on page 711*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SALT LAKE CITY: . . . Sister Mary B. Eyring from Juarez, Mexico, was thankful to be here and to mingle her voice with the congregation, glad to see so many engaged in the good work, thought the Relief Society branches in Mexico would compare favorably with those in Utah; they had not many calls for help, very few were without means to help themselves . . . . There were only a few Mexicans in the Church . . . . The sisters had made a few quilts . . . Sister Julia Lindsey, Bear Lake Stake, reported all the branches in good condition spiritually, and faithful in temporal labors; it was a hard country, very cold in winter; and in the settlements extended so far it was not possible to accomplish much in winter.

—Selected from Conference Report

THE CHILDREN: We can never give children too many legitimate pleasures. Childhood should be made as sunny and happy as unlimited love and tenderness . . . can make it. The shadows fall soon enough in the most fortunate lives. Yet we cannot, with all our endeavors, make the hard paths easy for the little feet we long to save. The children must learn to fight their besetting sins, each for himself, if they are to be strong men and women in the days to come.

—Selected

MY FORTIETH YEAR

My fortieth year I hail thee with pleasure,
What gladness or sorrow thou holdest for me
I know not, no matter, I know thou hast treasure
More precious than pearls from the depths of the sea.

—R. M. Fox

PERFECTION: Can we arrive at perfection in this life, is the question. Well our Savior said, "Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect." . . . . The question arises, would he ask you or me to do that which we could not do . . . Believing this life is a school, it is well to give strict heed to our lessons that we may profit by them. The holy Bible being our guide, not only so, but The Book of Mormon, also The Doctrine and Covenants. The Epistle of St. Peter beautifully illustrates this lesson, as we read in the twentieth chapter of the first epistle: "Wherefore lay aside all malice and guile, and evil speaking . . . ." Now I would ask you, do not we feel greatly blessed when we realize that we are growing in a knowledge of the truth in Jesus Christ, and can see the designs and purposes of God our Father concerning the human family, to fit and qualify them to come again into His presence, where we must give an account of how we have spent our talents and our time.

—Zion's Convert

SILK EXHIBIT: Our readers will be delighted to know that Utah has taken three medals for her silk exhibit (at the World's Fair), and it is ardently hoped by the patrons of home industries here that this success will give an impetus to sericulture.

—Editorial Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS LA NEL GRANT, a Latter-day Saint girl from Los Angeles, California, has been awarded one of three top prizes in the National Fine Arts Contest at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for her hand weaving. During the past year Miss Grant has been in charge of the student looms at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. She plans to major in fine arts at the University and hopes to become an expert in design and decorating.

ON her seventy-first birthday, in April, Frances Perkins (Mrs. Paul Caldwell Wilson), completed the last day of twenty years of Government service and left Washington. She became Secretary of Labor the day Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated, and for twelve years served as the first woman Cabinet member, later becoming a Civil Service commissioner. Oveta Culp Hobby is the second woman Cabinet member.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLIS, of Redlands, California, is the first career woman diplomat to be named a United States ambassador. She has been in the United States Foreign Service for twenty-six years. Miss Willis is fifty-four years old and will be the ambassador to Switzerland. Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, former ambassador to Denmark, was a housewife. Mrs. Perle Mesta, former ambassador to Luxembourg, was a Washington socialite. Being ambassador to Italy is the first diplomatic post for Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce.

LARGER families are coming back in America, the Institute of Life Insurance reports. According to Government figures released this summer, an increase is now taking place in the number of second, third, and fourth children being born in this country, giving the nation more than four million younger brothers and sisters since 1950. In 1930 marriage and birth rates reached their lowest level. In 1946 the birth rate began to climb and since that time has remained relatively high compared with the low of 1930.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Laura M. Reed Stephens, Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Annie Newman Middleton, of Ogden, who have recently celebrated their ninetieth birthdays. Mrs. Middleton has a twin brother, Brigham Newman, who joined with her at the birthday party.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 OCTOBER 1953 NO. 10

"Their Temples and Their Sanctuaries...."

Come ye, with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones . . . and bring the box-tree, and the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth; and with iron, and with copper, and with brass, and with zinc . . . and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein (D. & C. 124:25-26).

IN more than a century of temple building, ten sacred houses have been erected, through revelation and by commandment of the Lord. One of these is no longer in use, and one has been destroyed. Eight beautiful temples remain to adorn the habitations of the saints and provide a place for the performance of the sacred ordinances for the living and for the dead. A temple is now being erected near the shores of the Pacific Ocean, in Los Angeles, California, and, in August 1953, President David O. McKay dedicated two new sites for temples, one near Berne, Switzerland, and one near London, England.

The first temple to be dedicated (in 1877 by Elder Daniel H. Wells, Counselor to President Brigham Young) in the valleys of the mountains, was the towered edifice in the valley of the Virgin River, at St. George, Utah, protected and surrounded by the red cliffs of a desert land.

In 1884, the Logan temple was dedicated by President John Taylor. Facing the eastern mountains in lofty simplicity, above the rich grain lands and meadows of Cache Valley, it symbolized the struggles of a people toward their ideals of salvation and eternal glory, "even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God."

The Manti temple (1888), set on a high and rounded hill, against a lofty plateau overlooking the farmlands of Sanpete Valley, was dedicated by Apostle Lorenzo Snow, with rejoicing, and with a prayer of gratitude for "refreshing showers, the hills to yield their treasures of snow, and springs of living water to come forth from the dry and parched ground."

President Wilford Woodruff dedicated the Salt Lake Temple, April 6, 1893, with a prayer of humble supplication: ". . . we regard with intense and indescribable feelings the completion of this sacred house. Deign to accept this the fourth temple which Thy covenant children have been assisted by Thee in erecting in these mountains. In past ages Thou didst inspire . . . the prophets, to speak of the time in the latter days when the mountain of the Lord's house should be established in the tops of the mountains, and exalted above the hills."

In 1919, the first temple to be erected outside the boundaries of the United States was dedicated at Laie on the island of Oahu, Hawaii —in the beautiful palm lands of the Pacific. President Grant, in offering the prayer of dedication, asked a blessing upon "the natives of

this land, that all the great and glorious promises made concerning the descendants of Lehi might be fulfilled in them."

The temple at Cardston, Alberta, (dedicated in 1923 by President Heber J. Grant), stands in chaste simplicity upon the plain against a western backdrop of the snow-clad summits of the Canadian Rockies. Built upon the soil of a Commonwealth nation, this temple has been a source of comfort and fulfillment to the British people of North America, and to all who "partake of the spirit of peace and of the sweet and heavenly influence."

So the same spirit of rejoicing and of restoration has characterized all the temples in their dedication and in the ordinances performed within their walls. The temple at Mesa (1927), magnificent in its green gardens in the midst of the Arizona desert, received its dedication from President Heber J. Grant, wherein he spoke of the "pioneers of this land . . . their courage and indomitable purpose, and their lofty ideals."

Many thousands have thronged to the majestic temple (dedicated in 1945 by President George Albert Smith) on the banks of the wide Snake River, at Idaho Falls, to perform the temporal and eternal ordinances, in this the latest temple to be completed.

It is of sacred import to members of the Church that the first temples were built through material poverty and spiritual grandeur; all of them have been constructed through sacrifice and industry and faith; all of them are loved and revered by the saints who pray for "the endless life, which administers in time and eternity . . . a correct knowledge of all laws, rites and ordinances. . . ."

Much may be learned from a study of the humble, yet eloquent, dedicatory prayers pronounced upon the temples. Each prayer has explained the relationship between heaven and earth—between our former and our later habitation and the interim called earth; each has expressed gratitude for the restoration of the gospel, after the silence of the ages. Many of the prayers have included supplication for the Constitution of the United States and for the preservation of the civil liberties which protect the exercise of free agency. Many have expressed gratitude for the auxiliary organizations of the Church, and blessings upon the sisters of Relief Society have been asked of the Heavenly Father: "that they may be abundantly blessed in relieving the suffering of the destitute and sorrowful, arresting the wayward, and inspiring them with love for pure intelligence, and educating them in the way of life and faith, that our youth may find Thee early, and the aged be established in Thy righteousness forever."

Now that two European temple sites have been dedicated, the saints in Britain and on the Continent may look forward to the blessings of temple ordinances for themselves and for their kindred dead. They will have the privilege of going up into houses of the Lord, and join with other saints throughout the Church in rejoicing that "God remembers still his promise made of old."

—V. P. C.

Pheasants on the Lawn

Virginia M. Kammeyer

IT was a Saturday morning—a May morning. Breakfast was over, the children had gone out to play, and Sally should have been cleaning the apartment. Instead she stood with last night's "want ad" section in her hands. All she could think about was that house. It just might be the one. She approached her husband in the big chair.

"Honey?"

"H-m-m?"

"Do you want to go see it?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"Well, it wouldn't do any *harm*."

"Ugh."

The grunt meant, "I'm tired of looking at houses."

Bill was reading a magazine, and she didn't like to disturb him, but . . . .

"Well, let's just see it, dear. It might be what we're looking for."

He put down the magazine. "The kind of house you want we can't afford. You're trying to find a twenty thousand dollar house for ten."

"This one is only eleven, two fifty. And just listen to what the ad says."

"Yah, those ads. Remember the one that said *magnificent view*? So we went to look at it. The *view* was down over the steel mills. And remember the one that said *four bedrooms*? One bedroom was a back porch and another was a broom closet. And they all opened one off another so you had to go through one to get to . . . ."

"I know, dear, but we're sure to find what we want if we just keep looking. Now this ad says, *three bedrooms*, fireplace, full basement, large lot. Listed by owner!"

"Well, what's wrong with staying right here?"

"Oh, Bill, we can't rear our children in an apartment. They haven't any place to play. They're always under my feet or out in the street."

She scanned the ad again and murmured dreamily, "I hope it has a circular floor plan—and hardwood floors—and a fireplace. But I know what I really want. Bill?"

"Ugh."

"Bill, put down that magazine and just listen a minute, dear. I want a place like Grandma had. Did you ever see Grandma's house?"

"Nope."

"Grandma and Grandpa had passed on, I guess, when you appeared on the scene. And the house was sold. But, oh, honey, I'd like a house just like that. It had *three fireplaces*."

"Three!"

"Well, I'd settle for just one. And it had a long staircase, with a a wonderful banister for kids to slide down, and a storeroom, with just everything stored away—old dresses and hats and shoes and furniture and pictures. The house was set way back in fir trees . . . ."

"Hey, wait a minute — slow down! I'm not going to invest in some old Victorian horror with seven gables, just because it reminds you of your Grandma's place. And,

besides, what makes you think our children would go for that sort of thing? Modern kids want to live just around the corner from the movies and the dime store."

"Oh, Bill, I don't think children change. Karl wants a dog. He keeps talking about an imaginary one named Pooch. And he's not happy here. There aren't any children his age, and the big ones pick on him. I don't care if the place doesn't look like Grandma's. Goodness knows I want modern conveniences. But—well, I don't know quite how to say it but I'm looking for a place that *feels* like Grandma's did."

"You're a nut," but he ruffled her hair as he said it.

"THAT place used to give me the most wonderful feeling, as though I were absolutely safe. I used to put it in my prayers—'Please let us go to Grandma's.' And when we were there, I never wanted to leave. The house had all those beautiful evergreens in front. We used to play run-sheep-run there in the dusk, all the cousins. And there was a grape arbor, and apple trees—those old-fashioned kind of apples like Wealthy, and Banana apples. And on the north side of the house, where it was shady, there were violets—the biggest violets I've ever seen. And there was a barn and cows."

"Now wait a *minute!*"

"I know, dear. You wouldn't know which end of the cow to feed. We wouldn't have to have cows. But I'd like our children to know what it feels like to run barefoot up a dusty lane and make bur baskets and milkweed babies. There was wisteria hanging down over the veranda and quails . . . ."

"Quails?"

"Maybe they were pheasants. Yes, pheasants on the lawn. They had long, trailing tail feathers. We tried to catch one once. We ran into the house to get a box to put it in. By the time we'd found a box the pheasants had all run away. And I remember Grandma's pantry. It smelled like every kind of spice in the world. I can still see sweet, little, plump Grandma in that pantry."

"O.K."

"O.K. What?"

"O.K., we'll go see the house."

"Oh, darling, right now?"

"What's your rush? You're just like a little kid. Give me a chance to work on the car this morning, and we'll run out and take a look at the house this afternoon."

"I'll call the people and tell them we're coming."

When the ironing was finished, Sally's conscience pricked her for having prodded Bill so hard about the house, so she decided to be a good wife and make him a pie. Cherry was his favorite.

Rolling out the crust, she thought, if only we had a yard of our own. It wouldn't have to look like Grandma's, if it just felt the same, and smelled like her place smelled. And then we could have a garden and get a year's supply of food put away.

She scooped cherries, flour, and sugar into the pie dish, adjusted the top crust, and slid it into the oven.

It was nearly noon. She tidied the apartment and then prepared

lunch. Bill was still working on the car, doing something to the wheels.

That's the only recreation he has, working on that car. If we had our own home, Bill could have a workshop. I'll mention that to him, she decided.

At lunch Bill ate a large piece of the pie and admitted, a little grudgingly, that it would be nice to have their own cherry tree.

Luncheon was over; three-year-old Karl and two-year-old Ann, hair combed and faces scrubbed, perched on the back seat of the car, eager for the ride.

THEY drove out along the city streets, and Bill turned as Sally directed him on the map. The paved street ended, and they crunched along on gravel, and then the gravel ended, and they billowed along through dust.

"Yah, fine thing. I just washed the car."

"Oh, but darling, look how nice these homes are—everything is landscaped, and see those nice, big yards. This is just like the country."

"I haven't seen a grocery store for eight blocks."

"Well, with a car, that won't matter."

"Mail boxes, huh!"

"Here it is. Here's the name on the box."

A low brick wall fronted the place, and the lawn sloped down to the white painted house. There were many trees, and a great weeping willow in the side yard. Wisteria swung above a long porch that seemed to run around the side of the house. They stepped out of the car. A kind of feathery weed lined the ditch bank. Its smell was pungent—and nostalgic.

"Oh, Bill, it's lovely! And look, *wisteria*."

"Yeah, it's pretty nice, all right. And not too far from work. But don't get carried away. I'm going to inspect the foundation before I buy the place."

The children were frolicking over the lawn, examining the willow tree.

"Well, let's go see the owners."

As they started down the brick path, Sally stopped. "I just thought of something else Grandma had—crickets. Listen?"

Sally looked at her husband. Everything was all right. This was home.

"I hear them, but I don't see any pheasants on the lawn."

"No pheasants! Oh, well, they'll come later," Sally promised as she slipped her hand into Bill's.

Kindled Reaches

Thelma J. Lund

Autumn flames across the hills
In oak-leaf pyres,
And cloud-trails slowly drift from tips
Of smokeless fires.

Ewing Galloway

AUTUMN IN MARYLAND

Who Listens

Della Adams Leitner

God speaks to us in color,
In flowers of every hue,
In the rainbow's arch, in sunset,
And autumn's gorgeous view.

God speaks to us in music,
In varied songs of birds,
In winds, in the flowing waters,
More lyric than poets' words.

God speaks to us in the rhythm
Of our earth's own measured pace
In harmonious relation
To worlds in unending space.

God speaks, and each soul who listens
Finds all discords shall cease
In the perfect realization
God gives beauty, music, peace.

Willard Luce

PARACHUTES OF THE LEHMAN CAVES

The Lehman Caves of Nevada

Willard Luce

FOR years people have been impressed by the beauties of the Cypress Swamps. For even longer they have been visiting the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and for longer still they have been extolling the wonders of the Pearly Gates. It isn't necessary to travel to Florida, to Europe, or even to Paradise to see these natural wonders. Not at all. In fact you can see them, and more, in less than an hour after leaving the headquarters of the Lehman Caves National Monument, five miles west of Baker, Nevada.

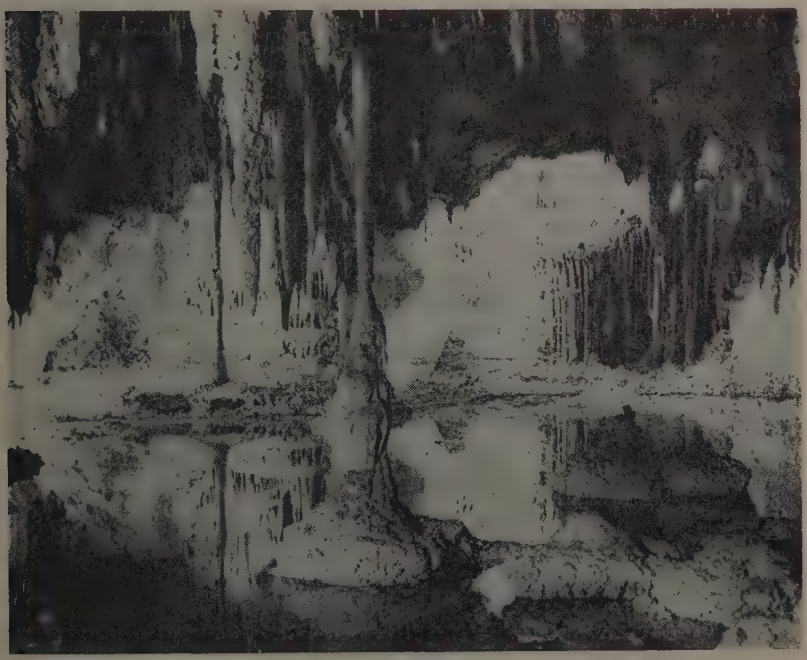
The caves were discovered by Ab Lehman in the 1870's when a horse he was riding literally fell into one of them. From then until 1922, when they were made into a national monument, they were visited by a great many people. Their principal interest, however, seemed to be carving or burning names and dates on the walls and ceilings, and breaking off the formations for souvenirs.

Despite this, and the fact that the formations have almost stopped growing because of dryness, the caves are still in a remarkable state of preservation.

A cemented entrance leads directly from the monument headquarters into one of the caves. An easy trail twists and winds through narrow, snake-like corridors, past "Music Hall" and the "Tom-Toms," where the formations, when struck, give off clear musical tones. In one of the first open rooms a group of small pillars is known as "The Forest." Three miniature formations are called "The Statue of Liberty," "The Stag," and "The Monkey."

Indirect lighting gives a sharp, dramatic effect to the softly colored formations. Each turn offers something new, something different. Coming next, for instance, is "The Leaning Tower." This cream-toned delicately-formed stalagmite, standing at one end of "Popcorn Hill," greatly resembles the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Another turn, another few feet, and you're in the "Cypress Swamps." If you are lucky enough to be there in a wet year, the floor will be mostly covered with water. Mirror-like, it will pick up the reflections of the various formations. Clinging to the ceiling, festoons of tiny stalactites might be mistaken



Willard Luce

"CYPRESS SWAMPS" OF THE LEHMAN CAVES

for Spanish moss, while bases of stalagmites and pillars spread out like the roots and trunks of cypress trees.

PROBABLY no formation is more interesting or unique than "The Parachutes." Starting round and large at the top, they taper down to almost a point at the bottom. Rippling edges of stone work their way from top to bottom like the strings of a parachute.

Near the end of the cave the trail passes through the intricately carved and fluted "Pearly Gates." Nearby is a beautifully sculptured formation resembling a Gothic cathedral.

It actually seems strange that within so short a distance nature could have created and designed so many different forms all from the same materials — water, carbon dioxide, and lime. First the carbon dioxide-laden water dissolved the lime, carrying it away. This slowly widened the tiny cracks into tunnels, the tunnels into corridors, and, in places, the corridors into large vaulted rooms and chambers.

But the work didn't stop there. Little drops of water on the ceiling lost part of their carbon dioxide and a bit of their lime. They dropped to the floor and here lost a bit more. Slowly stone icicles, or stalactites, crept downward from the ceiling; while inverted ones, called stalagmites, labored upwards from the floor. In some cases these have joined and become pillars; in many cases they have not, and possibly never will join, since Nevada's arid climate has all but taken the water from the cave and thus stopped their growth.

Located at the base of 13,085-foot Wheeler Peak, the Lehman Caves are only eleven miles off U.S. Highway 6. There is a small campground and picnicking area, with cool, running water and spotless rest rooms. The White Pine Chamber of Commerce is already working for greater facilities to handle the expected influx of tourists now that U. S. Highway 6 has been completely surfaced across western Utah.

Stolen Treasure

Leone E. McCune

October hoards these precious bits
Of Indian summer treasure,
And places them within a chest
Of gold—one lenient measure

Of wedgewood sky, some purple grapes,
The summer's last pink rose,
One topaz chain of aspen leaves,
A lovely amber hour, to close

The day. She smiles possessively
And locks the lid. November,
In smoke-screen guise, then steals and hides
It, under white December.

Grandpa As a Magician

Mabel Law Atkinson

GRANDPA Radford had never felt so useless in all his seventy-nine years. He hardly knew what to do with himself now his eyes were going back on him. Always before this summer he had been able to read to pass the time away. Each day he had read and read, novels as well as the Bible, with variations of other wholesome literature in between. Grandpa even loved the funnies and had read them to the grandchildren until his vision dimmed. Strange, though, he could still see the mountains and fields almost as well as ever, but the words on the pages before him ran together in a blur.

Grandpa was sitting in his old Congress chair under the big box-elder in the back yard of his son's home, where he lived now. Nothing depended on him anymore, and he was beginning to feel in the way.

"It's a good old world as long as a body is needed," he mused and tears filled his tired, old eyes. "If only I was needed!" He spoke aloud this time.

"You'd be needed badly enough right now if you were a magician."

At the sound of his grandson's voice, Grandpa hastily wiped his eyes and looked up at the youth defiantly, if kindly, as if to dare him to think he had been crying. He had no need to worry, however, because Kurt Radford was too engrossed in his own problem to notice.

"Now why would you be needing a magician, I'd like to know?" broke in the old man. "I don't take any stock in such, none at all. I figure a magician does his tricks in a natural manner, only he's too quick and too clever for most folks to find it out. Now, son, tell me all about it and maybe the two of us can work out a magic trick." Grandpa showed more zest than he had for months.

"Oh, Grandpa, Joe Rand just sent word he won't have time to thresh for us until he returns from threshing in the next valley, and that may be two weeks or more. He was to have come tomorrow."

"Well, two weeks isn't long to wait. It's early in the threshing season yet, and the grain is so well stacked that if it rains it won't be hurt at all. You're a fine bundle stacker, my boy. Your old Granddad's mighty proud of those stacks of yours. None better in the valley."

"But it's my prize wheat, Grandpa, that I'm worrying about," broke in Kurt.

"Don't worry over it, son. That big canvas covers that small stack completely, so rain won't harm it either."

"But, Grandpa, it isn't the rain I'm worrying about. That wheat must be threshed by Monday morning, for the judges will make the decision then and award the prize, and I did so want that prize money. Fifty dollars, just imagine! I've had it planned all summer what I'd do with that money. Now Bill Garff will get it, for sure, for his wheat

got threshed today. I saw it, pretty and plump as can be."

Kurt sank down at grandpa's feet and groaned. Again he was sitting in the 4-H Club meeting and hearing from the county agent how two boys were to be chosen to experiment in growing a new variety of wheat. Each would be given the same amount of seed, with definite instructions on preparing the soil, planting, and watering. Then in the fall a fifty dollar cash prize would be given to the boy producing the greater amount of wheat, free of disease. He and Bill had been chosen from among the volunteers. What a joy it had been to plant and tend that wheat, watch it change from green to gold, as though touched by Midas-hands! All summer he had been building a dream, and now it had crashed.

IT was Kurt's turn to have his eyes fill. Grandpa saw and yearned to comfort him, as he used to do, but knew that would never do now, for Kurt was fifteen, so he said consolingly, "Perhaps, if you take your bundles over to Mr. Rand's place in the big truck, he will have time to thresh them before he leaves."

Hope was in his voice, but it filtered out as Kurt replied, "He's already gone. He had left before I received word. He sent his boy Jimmy over to tell me just as he was leaving."

Grandpa groaned then, too, and slumped down as though defeated, but sat up erect and was as alert as could be when he heard Kurt say, "I've prayed night and morning about that wheat and worked my best, too, and now it looks like the Lord has failed me."

"Don't you go blaming the Lord, young fellow. I've lived four score years, lacking one, and he isn't the one who fails. We're the ones that give up. The Lord does his part, and don't you forget that, young man."

Kurt broke in before his grandfather could say more, "I don't mean to complain, Grandpa, but it's times like this I miss Dad most. Seems to me we needed him."

Tenderness filled Grandpa's old eyes as he placed his arm about Kurt's shoulders and said gently, "I know, son, I know, but remember, too, that the Lord always knows what he's doing. I've watched you develop into a man since your father died, and I'm proud of you, lad."

"I should think the Lord would help me now, then," continued the boy, but his heart was touched by his grandfather's tenderness.

"No one is licked yet, Kurt, if we're not, and I say we're not!"

"What!" exclaimed Kurt. "You mean we still have a chance to get my grain threshed?"

"Yes, sir, we have!" The flames relit in Grandpa's old eyes as he continued, "That is, if you'll keep on praying and work even harder than you have been, for we only have tomorrow left, you know, as the next day's Sunday, and only harm'll come if we work then. Will you do as I say this once, lad?"

"Oh, yes, Grandpa, I'll do anything, if it means I can still win."

"Well, I can't promise that, but by the looks of the western sky we can get your threshing done. Then

it will depend on the quantity and the quality of your wheat as compared with Bill's. That can't be changed now, you know."

As Grandpa told Kurt his plan for getting the precious wheat threshed, Kurt gave excited exclamations.

Just then Mrs. Radford called supper, and arm in arm the two entered the house, Grandpa looking happier and feeling younger than he had in years. Being needed was the magic sesame.

THERE was a thrilling excitement, an anticipation in the air the next morning. Kurt was up with the dawn doing the chores, so a little after sunup he was ready to begin his real day's work.

When Grandpa came outside, his old eyes held gleams of youth as he saw the large, heavy canvas which had sheltered the precious bundles all spread out on the smooth earth by the barn, its corners staked down, and, on it, a circle of bundles with the heads of wheat turned toward the center.

"Come in now, son," he called, "and have your breakfast; and eat a hearty one, you and Bud and Sally are going to be the threshers."

"Yes, and Neil is coming over, too. He thinks it will be fun."

Breakfast over, the threshing began, and it was fun—that is for a while. It didn't seem like work at all, just tramping around and around on those heads of wheat, then turning the bundles over and tramping again; for that was Grandpa's plan—to thresh the wheat the way they had done it when he was a lad. But these youngsters didn't seem to have the same power of endurance he had had as a boy. Perhaps, he thought, it's because they haven't had to do as much physical work with all the modern conveniences; or perhaps I've just forgotten that I used to tire, too.

When one circle of bundles was threshed, the young folks carried the straw away, then the wheat, chaff and all, was gathered and sacked up.

"I can't see how you can think this wheat can win with all this chaff," objected Bud.

But Kurt said mysteriously, "Just you wait."

Grandpa looked wistfully at the sky as he thought, I sure hope it's favorable for the finishing up this afternoon.

Again and again, fresh bundles were placed on the canvas, the heads toward the center, and the man-power thresher toiled on, with Grandpa using encouraging words as his whip.

IN the middle of the afternoon, the children became so tired that even Kurt was about to give up.

Grandpa's eyes flamed, and his tired body revived as he said, "All of you lie down and rest a bit, and then we'll start again and soon be through with this part. If my old legs didn't have the rheumatism I'd help you tramp."

Grandpa had been anticipating this moment, and felt that now was the time for him to do as his father used to do when he and his brothers became too tired to go on. First he went in search of some refreshments.

When he brought out some

lemonade in the large enameled pitcher, and cookies in a tin pan and cups, he found the children still flat on the ground, almost too tired to sit up. Never had hard earth felt so good to them before. But the lemonade and cookies did help, and soon tongues were busy again and lips were smiling. Sally seemed to notice the pan for the first time, for she asked, "Why the tin pan, Grandpa? We haven't used it for years and years."

"But we're going to now," replied Grandpa, his eyes twinkling. "We sure are going to. Now, threshers, back on the job, and we'll be through before you know it."

Grandpa turned the pan upside down on his knees, took two dimes from his pocket, held one between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and called, "Ready now, one, two, three—march!" Then he beban whistling "Yankee Doodle" and beating on the pan with the dimes at the same time. How those young folks marched! Tiredness was forgotten, and threshing was fun again. Louder and clearer and shriller came Grandpa's whistle, as the rusty hinges of his throat, long unused, yielded to the lubricant of joy. Gouty old hands beat time perfectly on the tin pan, and his foot tapped in unison with the rhythmic beats. What matter if he should be laid up tomorrow? He was young today, and he was needed. Round and round marched the children and, at last, the grain was threshed!

"NOW," breathed Grandpa, and his whisper was like a prayer, "if only a wind will arise to fan out the chaff."

Kurt was evidently thinking the same, for he came over and said, "I'll go get the pans for you to show us how, Grandpa. I believe I feel a breeze coming now."

He was right. Soon Grandpa was showing them how to fill one pan with the grain and chaff and, holding it high, pour it into the other pan, held low, while standing on the canvas so it would catch any grain which spilled. The breezes blew out the chaff while the grain was in the air between the two pans. Then Grandpa reversed his hands and did the same thing again and even again to remove all the chaff. By this time the breeze had become stronger and, with all of them working, pouring wheat from full to empty pans, the last of the precious grain was chaff free by a little after sundown.

As the tired workers surveyed the clean, shining kernels in the sacks, a feeling of achievement filled each soul. Grandpa was beginning to feel the strain, but his voice still had the tone of youth as he declared, "That's as fine a job of threshing as I've ever seen done, and I've seen many of them. That wheat's as clean or cleaner than it would have been had the thresher done it. I'm right proud of you and your thresher crew, Kurt."

"It's you who's responsible, Grandpa. You get the credit for this," came from Kurt's grateful heart.

Grandpa's eyes filled, this time with joy, as he continued, "Now, let's get this wheat under shelter, and Monday the judges can weigh and judge it. If Bill's is better, it must be good."

Grandpa slept like an exhausted child that night and rested most of the next day, but Monday morning, he was waiting for the judges, as anxious as Kurt for the decision. They were waiting on the front porch when the car drove up, and the county agent came with the three men who were to judge. After introductions were made, and they were on their way to the granary, the agent said, "If your crop turns out to be as good as Bill's, the farmers around here will all be planting this new variety next year."

The four men remarked about the fine job of threshing, as they weighed the wheat. They wrote down figures, looked at another sheet, looked back again, then the judges nodded to the agent, who turned to Kurt and said, "Well, Kurt, you win by twelve pounds. Congratulations! You will receive your check at the meeting scheduled for this afternoon."

Kurt couldn't trust himself to speak as the men shook hands with him and Grandpa, and complimented him on the fine work he had done. Grandpa blew and blew his nose, mumbling something about hay fever, but he couldn't keep back the tears, and they rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

A few minutes later, as Kurt and his grandfather walked toward the house, Kurt added, "Grandpa, do you know why I wanted to win the prize so badly? It was for you, Grandpa, so you'll be able to read again. The eye specialist said if you could still see distant objects clearly, you could read again, if you were fitted with glasses, so tomorrow we're going to have your eyes tested, Grandpa, and soon you'll have glasses to read with. Won't that be something?"

Grandpa could hardly believe it. To be able to read again! And he wasn't useless! Unconsciously, he spoke aloud, "For once I was needed!"

"I'll say you were!" responded Kurt. "You are a magician, Grandpa, and who knows when I'll need you to perform another magic trick!"

October

Evelyn Fjeldsted

October's promises have been fulfilled.
The rain that once was measured from the skies,
The warmth of summer winds that now are stilled,
And all the wealth of gold in each sunrise
Are merged to bring the miracles of soil.
The mallard takes his way beyond the streams,
The stillness holds a song of finished toil—
A song with memories of summer themes.
The art of blending colors manifold
Was natures's gift to brighten waning days,
And yield completed in a boundless mould,
Glows softly in a mountain—drifting haze.
The tree is bare where once the robin sang;
Somewhere a flagon spills October's tang.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 258, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Rose B. Astle

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES ACHIEVE OUTSTANDING RECORD IN 1952

Front row, seated, left to right: "Bertha Millius, Matthews Ward (233%); Violet Tripp, Vermont Ward (178%); Nancy Rupp, Stake *Magazine* representative (210%); Marcella Carlson, who served as *Magazine* representative for the Downey Second Ward during the first part of 1952; Bernice Little, Manchester Ward (222%).

Back row, standing, left to right: Josie Newey, Miramonte Ward (218%); Ora Elmer, Downey Second Ward (182%); Nellie Hunter, Walnut Park Ward (181%); Avilda Kowalski, Maywood Ward (156%); Alice Taylor, Grant Ward (271%); Evelyn Ferrera, South Gate Ward (284%); Ruth Minton, Manchester Ward, who served during the first part of 1952; Connie Price, Downey First Ward (195%).

Eldora Reeves, Huntington Park Ward (167%), was absent when this picture was taken, March 20, 1953, at the anniversary party.

Sister Rose B. Astle, President of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, expresses her appreciation for the devoted efforts of these sisters: "We are proud of the work these sisters have done. They have helped our stake to lead the Church in *Magazine* subscriptions for six consecutive years."

Photograph submitted by Grace G. Thornton

EAST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PROVIDE MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 1953

Grace G. Thornton, President, East Jordan Stake Relief Society, stands fifth from the left in the back row; the chorister, Orpha S. Brown, stands at the left in the second row; organist Eloise Webster is seated at the left in the front row. In the complete chorus there are eighty singers, two violinists, and a cellist.

Photograph submitted by Ethel L. Mauss

JAPANESE MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY DISTRICT CONFERENCE May 24, 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Sister Kumagai, visitor from Sapporo, who became a member of Relief Society in 1913, forty years ago, one of the oldest and most faithful members in the Japanese Mission Relief Society; Matsu Matsumoto, First Counselor, Tokyo Second Branch;Michiko Okada, President, Yokohama Branch; Fumiko Kaneko, President, Takasaki Branch; Motoko Nara, President, Tokyo Second Branch; Ethel L. Mauss, President, Japanese Mission Relief Society; Kinoko Senba, President, Tokyo First Branch; Kiyoko Nagano, President, Kofu Branch; Noboru Komine, President, Maebashi Branch; Sister K. Kaanaana, missionary; Miyoko Kanai, First Counselor, Tokyo First Branch.

Sister Mauss reports the faithfulness and devotion of these and other sisters of the Japanese Mission Relief Society: "There were representatives present from six branches. In view of the heavy rain and of the early hour of meeting, I was pleased with the attendance. Each of the six presidents gave a report of the past year's activity in her branch. Also, I gave a twenty-minute talk on the blessings and purposes of Relief Society work. All of the officers are most happy to have the translated *Handbook*."

Photograph submitted by Della O. Taylor

EL PASO STAKE (TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
May 10, 1953

Nelle B. Zundel, stake chorister, stands at the front in the center of the picture; Jennie N. Lawson, stake organist, stands in the back row at the left; Barbara Johnson, El Paso Second Ward Relief Society organist, who assisted at this presentation, stands in the back row at the right.

Della O. Taylor is president of El Paso Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by LaVell King

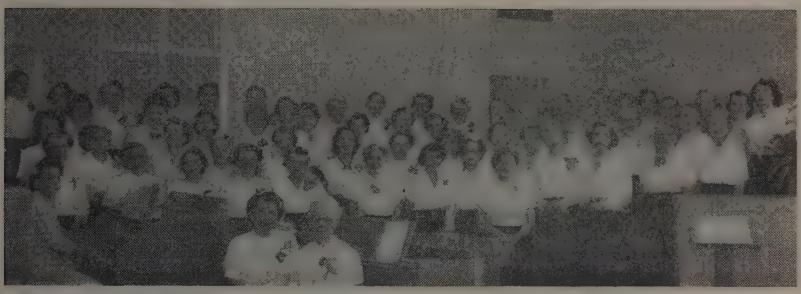
WAYNE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 14, 1953, AND FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Nettie Brian; Thora Jackson; Loa J. Hansen; Emma Sorenson; Lorea Hall; Mildred Wood; Ethel Taylor; Irene Peterson; Twila Sorenson; Florence Covington; Viola T. Rees, chorister.

Second row, left to right: Beatrice Brinkerhoff, Reta Meeks; Wanda Heaps; Ellen Blackburn; Della Brian; Shirley Oldroyd; Emily White; Artie Taft; Donna Blackburn; Cleo Ellett; Thelma Buchanan.

Third row, left to right: Mary Brinkerhoff; Bertha Ellett; Alice Farnsworth; Lillian Munson; Fern Chidester; Marzella Forsythe; Ora Morrell, accompanist; LaVerd Ballee; Bonita Taylor; DalMarr Hellstrom; Cleo Durfey; Vonda Williams.

LaVell King, President, Wayne Stake Relief Society, reports that these Singing Mothers meet regularly for rehearsal, some of them traveling as far as thirty miles to attend. They represent the following wards: Fremont, Loa, Lyman, Thurber, and Teasdale.



Photograph submitted by Agnes F. Lindsay

PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AND FOR INTER-STAKE CONVENTION

Agnes Farnsworth Lindsay, President, Palo Alto Stake Relief Society, stands in the back row, fourteenth from the left; Deane White, the chorister, and Laura Pugmire, the organist, are seated in front of the piano. Seated at the piano, Marguerite Stoddard, organist of San Mateo Ward Relief Society, where the conference was held.

Photograph submitted by Lucile J. Rawlins

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO), NAMPA SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS (November 1951—April 1953)

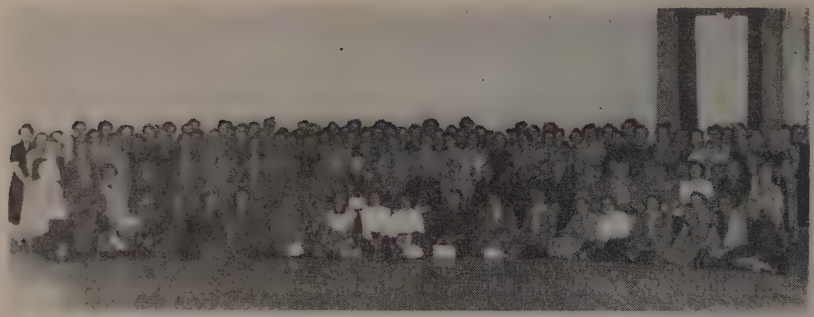
Front row, seated, left to right: Beulah Williams; Alice Jones; Amy Murray; Adelia Pipkin; Estella Day; Rebecca Wayman.

Second row, seated, left to right: Eva Thorne; Emma Liljenquist; Minnie McGrew; Leva Newland; Laura Newby; Sylvia Medley.

Back row, standing, left to right: Blanch Murphy; Luzean Yorgason, President; Lavern Stewart; Delvin Bean; Alletta Bowles; Gwen Andrews; Virginia Hunter; Deane Pixtin; Lydia Ricks; Lucille Hennis; Ethel Hayes; Sarah Daines; Mary Dixon; Coral Liechty; Phoebe Levi.

Not present when the picture was taken were: Vera Schulze; Hellenia Richards; Martha Hidgley; Bessie Donahue; Irene Gwilliams; Margaret Willyerd; Irene Johnson; Estella Curtis.

Alta Fuhriman is president of Nampa Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mary L. Henrie

DESERET STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION, May 30, 1953

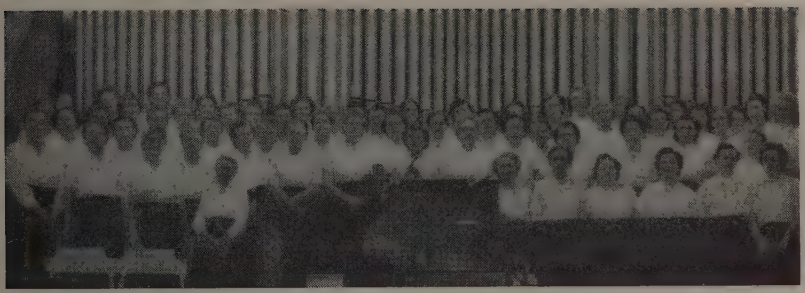
Mary L. Henrie, President, Deseret Stake Relief Society, reports that their visiting teachers convention is held each year in May. "We honor and pay tribute to the visiting teachers in a program of music from our stake Singing Mothers combined chorus. We hear testimonies from the teachers and also from some of the women who have been visited. We have talks and receive instructions to emphasize the true spirit of visiting teaching. We are working to improve the quality of the teaching in our stake, as well as for a one hundred per-cent record."

Photograph submitted by Edna H. Matheson

EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, PARKERSBURG, (WEST VIRGINIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PREPARES LUNCH FOR CONFERENCE August 16th and 17th, 1952

Standing, left to right: Lovada Hansen; Mary Teter; Bessie Vandergrit; Hillary Rymer; Bessie Hutto; Viola Astin, President; Macel Garvin; Lessie Teter.

In commenting upon the activities of these devoted sisters, Edna H. Matheson, President, East Central States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Parkersburg Relief Society is a small organization in number, but a very active one. They have eleven enrolled members, hold weekly meetings, and are carrying out all the activities of Relief Society. They have recently put into effect the visiting teacher program and have reported one hundred per cent visits made in their last report. They also had 138 per cent *Magazine* subscriptions the past year."



Photograph submitted by Nina J. Langford

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
May 1953

Stake board members, standing back of the piano, left to right: Mattie G. Ray, theology class leader; Nina J. Langford, Secretary-Treasurer; Loretta S. Cramer, First Counselor; Erma V. Jacobs, President; Flossie Nicholls, Second Counselor; Vera B. Pettit, chorister.

This large chorus consisted of representatives from every ward in the stake, and the numbers presented were carefully selected and beautifully presented.

Photograph submitted by Bertrude S. Mitchell

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), ENOCH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR ONE YEAR

Front row, seated, left to right: Rua C. Jones, First Counselor; Mary D. Jones, President; Sarah W. Matheson, visiting teacher message leader; Cora B. Murie, Second Counselor; Helen C. Jones, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ellen Anderson; Lela G. Gibson; Mildred O. Maxwell; Pearl J. Halterman; Ivy J. Williams; Marva J. Armstrong; Elizabeth S. Grimshaw; Grace J. Smith.

Bertrude S. Mitchell is president of Parowan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Merna E. Marchant

BURLEY STAKE (IDAHO), TWELVE WARD RELIEF SOCIETIES UNITE IN CELEBRATING THE 111th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF RELIEF SOCIETY, March 17, 1953

Standing beside the exquisitely beautiful birthday cake are the two sisters who made and decorated this piece of artistry: at left, Afton G. Baker; at right, Delma G. Bean.

Merna E. Marchant, President, Burley Stake Relief Society, reports that the entire program was unique, "depicting Relief Society from its origin to the present time, with readings, drama, songs, and dances, linked impressively with narration written by Lucile Hatch Nielson, stake social science leader. The birthday cake, exquisitely decorated, was truly a masterpiece. The little ladies in the decoration represented the eighteen women present when the society was organized. Each little woman had on her blue dress a name in gold letters, such as *Charity, Patience, Love,* etc. The lady atop the cake was *The Spirit of Relief Society.* Another attraction was a display of beautiful handwork and also a number of gifts to equip the kitchen in our new tabernacle."

Solitude

Catherine E. Berry

Within this fold of hills the mountain climber
Pauses now beside a quiet stream,
So close to heaven here that he must tarry,
To breathe the fragrant air and build a dream.

For time has stopped—there is no past, no future,
Only this bright hour, this shining day,
While purple peaks and white clouds lean above him
This little while he holds the world at bay.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 20—Ammon and the People of Limhi

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Mosiah 7-26)

For Tuesday, January 5, 1954

Objective: To give a singular example of how this land of promise was a land of opportunity only so long as the people had faith in Jesus Christ.

Ammon Leads Men to Lehi-Nephi

WEARIED by the pleadings of his people who were anxious to go to the land of Lehi-Nephi to inquire about their brethren who had gone there years before and had not been heard from since their departure, King Mosiah chose sixteen strong men and sent them to this land. Ammon was chosen as their leader. These sixteen men wandered for forty days in the wilderness and finally pitched their tents north of the land of Shilom by a hill.

Evidently feeling that he had discovered the land for which he was searching, Ammon and three of his men, Amaleki, Helem, and Hem, went into the land of Nephi. They met King Limhi and his guards near the gate of the city. Ammon and his men were surrounded by the king's guard, taken, bound, and committed to prison, for King Limhi suspected that they were the wicked priests of King Noah, his enemies. There they remained for two days before they had their bands loosed and were taken before the king for trial.

Ammon Meets King Limhi

On the occasion of their trial, King Limhi commanded them to answer his questions. First, however, he introduced himself as King Limhi and explained that his father was King Noah, who was a son of Zeniff. This man Zeniff, King Limhi said, had come from the land of Zarahemla years before, he being a man who was overzealous to inherit this land of Lehi-Nephi, the land of their fathers.

Limhi undoubtedly knew of the earlier journey, how a large number of men had gone into the wilderness from Zarahemla to return to this land of Nephi, and how because their leader was a strong-willed and a contentious man, civil strife had occurred and all but fifty had been slain in the wilderness. These fifty returned to Zarahemla to relate the sad misfortune.

Probably Limhi also knew how

Zeniff, a member of this group of fifty, had gathered together as many as desired to accompany him on a second journey to the land of Nephi. (See Omni 27-30.) Zeniff had made arrangements with the king of the Lamanites, who controlled the land of Nephi, to have possession of the cities of Lehi-Nephi, and of Shilom and the land round about. Zeniff had successfully established his colony in these two places. But he had been deceived by King Laman and really brought his people into captivity. Limhi, however, did not complete this story to Ammon. Instead, he asked why Ammon and his men were so bold as to come near the walls of the city when he was there with his guards.

King Limhi Welcomes Ammon

The king was a surprised and astonished man as Ammon bowed before him and said:

> O king, I am very thankful before God this day that I am yet alive, and am permitted to speak; and I will endeavor to speak with boldness; For I am assured that if ye had known me ye would not have suffered that I should have worn these bands. For I am Ammon, and am a descendant of Zarahemla, and have come up out of the land of Zarahemla to inquire concerning our brethren, whom Zeniff brought up out of that land (Mosiah 7:12-13).

King Limhi reported how he had sent a group of forty-three men out in search of Zarahemla. This group had not found Zarahemla, but had returned with a report of having discovered the last remains of a once mighty civilization and had brought back twenty-four gold plates [Book of Ether] filled with engravings. They had believed the ruins to be of Zarahemla.

King Limhi rejoiced with Ammon.

> Now, I know of a surety that my brethren who were in the land of Zarahemla are yet alive. And now, I will rejoice; and on the morrow I will cause that my people shall rejoice also (Mosiah 7:14).

That Limhi and his people were in bondage to the Lamanites, and were required to pay a grievous tax, was soon made known to Ammon and his group by the king. Anxious to free himself and his people from this bondage, King Limhi urged these men to help him plan a way of escape.

Ammon, Amaleki, Helem, and Hem returned to the land of Shillom where the remainder of their group was encamped and took them with them to the land of Lehi-Nephi.

King Limhi Calls His People to Repentance and Promises Deliverance to Them

King Limhi called a general meeting of his people to convene at the temple on the next day. When they were assembled, King Limhi addressed the group. He spoke words of comfort to them, telling them that in the near future they would be released from subjection to the Lamanites. He asked them to place their faith in the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, the God of Israel who brought the children of Israel out of Egypt and made it possible for them to walk through the Red Sea on dry ground, the God who brought their own fathers out of the land of Jerusalem and protected and preserved them.

And then Limhi referred to a

great truth which they could fully understand, that they were in bondage because of the iniquities and abominations of King Noah and the people. King Limhi said:

> For if this people had not fallen into transgression the Lord would not have suffered that this great evil should come upon them (Mosiah 7:25).

Limhi then detailed some of the wickedness of the people, pointing out that they had put to death a prophet of the Lord because he bore testimony of the future appearance of Christ among the children of men.

After recalling this incident to their minds, King Limhi asked, "Who wondereth that they are in bondage, and that they are smitten with sore affliction; For the Lord has said:

> I will not succor my people in the day of their transgression; but I will hedge up their ways that they prosper not; and their doings shall be as a stumbling block before them. And again, he saith: If my people shall sow filthiness they shall reap the chaff thereof in the whirlwind; and the effect thereof is poison. And again he saith: If my people shall sow filthiness they shall reap the east wind, which bringeth immediate destruction (Mosiah 7:29-31).

Limhi told them that their affliction was nothing but the fulfillment of prophecy. The great English historian, Thomas Carlyle, in his four-volume history of the French Revolution pointed out to his readers, that the French Revolution was nothing but the delayed justice of God working itself out on a corrupt civilization. He further declared that God's justice might be delayed a day or so, a year or so, but it was certain to come. Carlyle, like Limhi, gave an implicit argument that sometimes God sends evil rulers to a people to punish them for their wickedness.

After assuring them that there was a definite causal connection between their wickedness and their punishment, Limhi promised his people that if they would serve God with diligence, he would deliver them from bondage.

King Limhi then called upon Ammon to speak to the people. Ammon rehearsed much that had happened in Zarahemla since Zeniff left it years before. He also gave the people the last message of King Benjamin. Then the meeting was adjourned and the multitude was dismissed to return home.

Ammon Declares Power of Mosiah to Translate Records

In the presence of Ammon, King Limhi had his servants bring the record of Zeniff, which contained an account of the history of the people since they left Zarahemla. Limhi told Ammon that the forty-three men he sent to locate Zarahemla (Mosiah 8:7) had brought back, in addition to the twenty-four gold plates [Book of Ether] many breastplates made of brass and copper, and also swords, whose hilts had disappeared and the blades of which were corroded with rust. He asked Ammon if he could translate the strange characters on the gold plates, or if he knew of anyone who could.

Ammon responded:

> I can assuredly tell thee, O king, of a man that can translate the records; for he has wherewith that he can look, and translate all records that are of ancient date; and it is a gift from God. And the

things are called interpreters (Mosiah 8:13).

Limhi rejoiced with Ammon, for he now knew that he would ultimately learn the history that was engraved on the twenty-four gold plates.

As a result of the coming of Ammon and his group, King Limhi and many of his people covenanted with God to serve him and keep his commandments. Limhi desired baptism. But there was none in the land who had authority from God, and Ammon declined, considering himself an unworthy servant. (See Mosiah 21:32 ff.)

People Delivered from Lamanites

Ammon and Limhi began to consult with the people how they could deliver themselves out of bondage. They had all the people gather together that they might have the voice of the people concerning the matter. It was decided that the only way they could escape would be to flee to Zarahemla with their flocks, herds, and tents. The Lamanites were so numerous that it was deemed impossible to deliver themselves out of bondage with the sword. Gideon, a trusted advisor of the king, suggested the plan that was followed. He knew that the guards "by the back pass, through the back wall on the back side of the city" were drunken by night. He proposed that the people pay their last tribute of wine. They sent more than the tribute wine, and the people of Limhi with their gold and silver and other possessions went through the back pass into the wilderness while the guards slumbered. After traveling many days they arrived in Zarahemla where they joined with Mosiah's people and became his subjects. (See Mosiah 22.)

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why were the people living under bondage to the Lamanites?
2. In what ways do individuals pay for their violation of the moral law?
3. Do nations, as well as individuals, pay a price for unrighteousness?

Change

Marian Schroder Crothers

There was no sign.
No bitter wind, with sharpening breath
Had scattered scarlet leaves of trees;
Untouched, late flowers glowed beneath the sun,
For now, enchanted autumn held the land.
Only the blue-white haze upon the far horizon
Told of change;
Only a wedge of wild geese, winging south,
Gave warning
That winter's cold, fierce legions marched
To conquest,
Down from the northland.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 20—"And Ye Will Not Have a Mind to Injure One Another, But to Live Peaceably, and to Render to Every Man According to That Which Is His Due" (Mosiah 4:13).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 5, 1954

Objective: To show the importance of refraining from injuring one another.

WHAT a place of rejoicing this world would be if no one at any time injured another! The goal of Christianity would be realized in that the children of men would love one another and think of their brethren as themselves.

There are many ways in which it is possible to injure one another. It may be through gossip, through dishonest business dealings, through hasty judgment, by angry words, by neglecting to give spiritual or material aid in time of distress, and in numerous other ways.

To cast any reflection on a good name or character is a serious matter. Sheridan says of gossip:

> Believe not each accusing tongue,
> As most weak persons do;
> But still believe that story wrong,
> Which ought not to be true.

Honesty will always be one of the cardinal moral virtues, but today it needs re-emphasizing. In this day of keen competition there is a tendency among some to regard "sharp" business practices as imperative for survival. But we should be scrupulously honest in all our dealings. If one finds himself in a position where he may take advantage of another's ignorance or neglect, it would be decidedly dishonest to do so.

Angry words often cause untold sorrow and remorse. Once uttered, they can never be recalled, nor can the ill effects be completely erased.

How may we discipline ourselves so that we do not even thoughtlessly injure one another? Someone has coined the phrase "kindness therapy." Surely the world is in great need of "kindness therapy." Suppose all of us determined to administer this healing balm to those with whom we come in contact, what would be the result? We would show appreciation of each other; we would give generous amounts of encouragement and praise; we would rejoice in the righteous accomplishments and success of others. We would refrain from passing judgment on others; we would be strictly honest; we would control our tempers; we would not act impulsively, but would first ask ourselves the question: "Will this that I am about to do harm anyone?" or "Will this that I feel like saying be unfair to any person?" This attitude should be the measure by which we act.

Brigham Young said:

> To conquer and subdue, and school ourselves until we bring everything into subjection to the law of Christ, is our work

. . . The thousands and tens of thousands of incidents that make up the sum of human lives, whether for good or evil depend on a momentary watchfulness and care. . . . Let each person be determined . . . to be the master of himself (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 265, 267, 1946 edition).

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Spending the Clothing Dollar

Rhea H. Gardner

(For Tuesday, January 12, 1954)

THE average American family spends about fifteen per cent of its annual income for clothing. It is second or third in cost among family expenditures. The greater part of it is spent by women. Their buying skill will, therefore, greatly affect the kind and quantity of clothes the family has and the degree of enjoyment that is derived from their use.

In the days of our grandparents, every homemaker was familiar with the type of materials available and their performance. Today, the situation is quite different. The multiplicity of fabrics, weaves, fibers, and the "dos" and "don'ts" in handling materials present a complex problem to even the most highly skilled shoppers.

This complex situation warrants serious consideration of ways in which the clothing share of the family income can most profitably be used in the interest of all family members. In no other division of family expenditure is long-time planning more essential.

Plan Before You Buy

Minimize the buying of non-essentials and an overtaxing of the current budget by making a long-time plan of clothing needs. In periodic family councils, have each family member, mother and father included, make a list of "must haves" and "would like to haves" or "wishes." Careful planning can often show the way to make wishes come true. A clothing buying plan will help you anticipate most of your needs and avoid snap judgments.

Before deciding what you are going to buy, check over the clothes you have. What is the condition of them? Can they be made wearable with repair or alteration, or remodeled for one of the children? What colors, types, and quality of materials and specific kinds of wearing apparel are needed to complete your wardrobe?

In your planning you will likely be confronted with the decision as to whether to buy yard goods, for certain pieces of wearing apparel, or ready-made garments. Definite decision will perhaps be determined only after sources of supply and costs in both departments are studied. Home sewing can be a real dollar stretcher for anyone who has the skill, time, and physical capacity, satisfactorily to make needed

garments, especially in children's clothing.

Be a Wise Shopper

Well-thought-out plans are essential to successful shopping, but preplanning is only part of the clothing buyer's responsibility. The value-wise buyer avoids the busiest shopping hours and never goes shopping when she does not feel well.

She is never misled by so-called "bargains," for she knows that a bargain is a bargain only if:

1. The article is something she really needs.
2. The price is better than normal.
3. She will be able to use it with satisfaction.
4. It will not be too hard or costly, in time or money to keep in good condition.

The wise homemaker buys clothes that fit in with those she already has on hand. If money is particularly scarce she sticks to a "kin" color for the wardrobe of each member of her family. This is what is generally considered to be the "best" color or colors for each member. Around it, she builds the entire wardrobe, working new garments into the color scheme for the best effect. In this way she never has misfits.

Labels are important to her. She favors those materials and ready-made garments that carry labels which give in clear unquestionable terms:

1. The kind of fiber that is used
2. Probable shrinkage
3. Color fastness to various causes of fading
4. Resistance to wrinkling
5. Best type of care
6. Cleaning method recommended.

She disregards labels that only give half-truths and misleading statements, such as "preshrunk," "fast color," and "super shrunk," for, unless these terms are elaborated on, they have no value. Guessing or exaggeration by an overenthusiastic sales person can be disregarded when actual facts are given on the label.

A wise buyer would not think of buying a ready-made garment without first checking the workmanship. Some of the things she checks are:

1. Seams. Unless they are at least one-half inch wide, and finished, if the fabric ravels easily, the garment will not give satisfactory wear.
2. Grain line. Garments cut off-grain will soon sag and pull out of shape.
3. Fabric pattern. If it is striped, checked, or plaid, she wants all pieces to be well matched.
4. Trim. Will it stand cleaning and wear along with the garment? Does it cheapen or add to the appearance of the garment? Has it been used to cover up inferior workmanship or poor quality material?
5. Belt. Will it stand cleaning and wear for the life of the garment?
6. Style. Will it still be good next year, and the year after that? Simplicity is the key to good taste.

Consumers Will Get Only What They Demand

Not until individual consumers see the need for informative labeling, standardized sizes, and high quality workmanship, and demand them, will methods of merchandising be improved.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what way does the proper care of clothing help in spending the clothing dollar?
2. Of what advantage are labels on merchandise?

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 36—Charles Dickens (Continued)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Text: *David Copperfield*)

For Tuesday, January 19, 1954

Objective: To gain a greater appreciation of Dickens through a study of his autobiographical novel *David Copperfield*.

Dickens' Religious Convictions

OFTENTIMES Dickens has been criticized because his characters are flat; never do we see into their minds as they contemplate a plan and repent. This charge is as true of his characters as it is of Dickens himself, and of the millions of people who have loved his writings as well. As we implied in our first lesson, Dickens had no desire to brood long hours in self-examination, nor did he need to. For him life was throbbing with action, excitement, people, parties, tragedy, sadness, friendship. With unquestioning fervor, Dickens knew that life is good, or is meant to be. Dickens spoke out for most Englishmen when he affirmed life's happiness, and when he vanquished evil characters and situations by taking them lightly.

Dickens' fervent optimism was firmly rooted on his religious convictions, which were strongly Christian, but not sectarian. He stated them in a letter to his son soon to sail for Australia:

> Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Savior, than that you should.
>
> . . . The more we are in earnest as to feeling the Christian religion, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.

Dickens' Influence

Undoubtedly Dickens enjoyed by far the largest reading audience of any Englishman during the nineteenth century, since his books appeared in monthly installments over a period of decades, while his newspapers, largely a statement of his own views, were circulated widely each week for twenty years. So powerful was Dickens' influence that literature could not contain him; he assumed the stature of a moral force in all the major reforms of the age. Because of his intimate knowledge of the horrible living conditions among the middle and lower class people—his people—he was more aware of the suffering of England *en masse* than all of his contemporary writers combined. While he sang the praises of the great emotional sweetness to be found beneath each roof, he also presented the appalling lot of fellow humans with such vigor that, often, as a result of his writings, reforms were successfully effected in housing, prisons, insane asylums, working conditions, and education. Andre Maurois maintains that Dickens'

vigorous campaigning for human rights prevented a bloody revolution in England. Whether this be true or not, it is true that often in his night-long wanderings about the streets of London, Dickens fed the poor and the deserted, and he was actively engaged in sponsoring new housing projects, and in various philanthropic endeavors. He did not believe that existing institutions need be changed, if only all men would be true to the native kindness each possessed within himself.

Dickens in America

Throughout his life, Dickens was easily excited to almost violent intensities, and never believed in doing anything by halves. When, therefore, he saw his publishers rapidly becoming wealthy from the phenomenal sale of his works, while he was hardly making an honest living, he raged at his publishers, but even more violently he attacked pirate publishers who copied his works as fast as they appeared without ever paying him a cent.

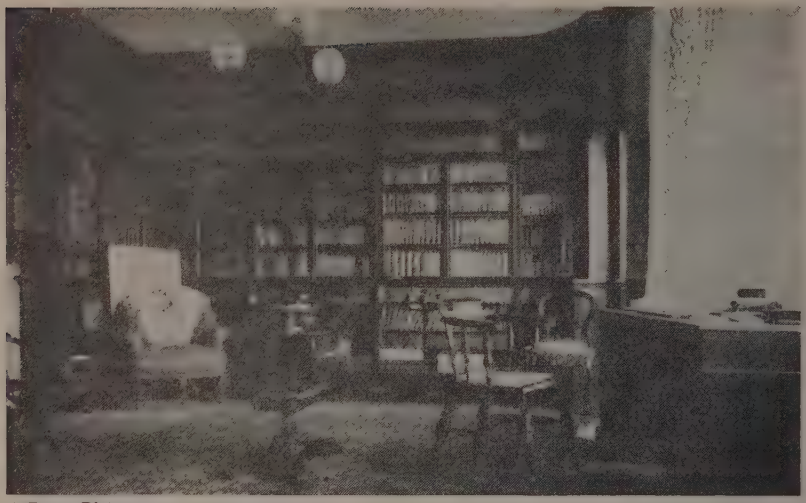
While in England his novels sold for $2.50, in America they sold for twelve cents. In America, everybody waited on tiptoe for the next installment of his works, yet he profited nothing from their sale. In 1842 Dickens sailed for the United States, hoping to make some change in existing copyright laws. Though he was so busy being entertained by the great and the elite that he accomplished little, Dickens did satisfy his curiosity about this so-called new Eden about which he had heard so much. What he found was not pleasant to his eye, or to his nose.

He found American table manners almost as revolting as the common-place spitting, a practice found even among the so-called "best" people. Slavery was abhorrent to him, while the new West, in its

> . . . forlorn and miserable appearance, baffles all description. I have not seen six cabins out of six hundred where the windows have been whole. Old hats, clothes, boards, fragments of blanket and paper are stuffed into the broken glass; and their air is misery and desolation. It pains the eye to see the stumps of great trees thickly strewed in every field of wheat; and never to lose the eternal swamp and dull morass, with hundreds of rotten trunks steeped in its unwholesome water . . . . It is quite oppressive, too, to come upon great tracts, where settlers have been burning down the trees, and where their wounded bodies lie about like those of murdered creatures.

Americans bored him with their bragging, their violations of his privacy outraged him, and he returned to England convinced that "nowhere on the face of the earth is there less freedom of opinion on any controversial subject than in America."

After the Americans had given him lavish dinners in New York and Boston, they were incensed that he should so regard them, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the novel he wrote concerning his American tour, was not popular in the United States. Yet, when he returned in 1867 to give a series of readings from his novels, people slept all night in the streets to buy tickets, and, in New York, Dickens' agent sold tickets for thirteen hours without stopping, taking in more than $120,000. Dickens loved the enthusiasm of this new audience, and repented of his rash first impressions of the United States. Again he was



A Perry Picture
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CHARLES DICKENS' LIBRARY

taken to America's bosom as few foreigners ever have been, and his second American tour was a great success.

Dickens, the Actor

From his earliest youth Dickens was aware of his great powers over an audience. Constantly throughout his lifetime he participated in home dramatics, and at his home he had erected a private stage, where he directed plays he had written, of course playing the role of hero himself. He gave a command performance before Queen Victoria, and frequently performed before select groups of his friends. But his real triumph came when he began giving public readings from his novels.

In writing his novels he created his characters by living them himself. "I have just burst into Newgate Prison," he wrote while writing *Barnaby Rudge*, "and am going in the next number to tear the prisoners out by the hair of their heads." Likewise, he "became" the persons in his readings, practicing some passages as many as two hundred times before presenting them to a group of his male friends in his study for criticism. During more than half the last decade of his life he was either preparing readings or on tour presenting them. When on tour he declined all social engagements, living for the moment when he had the audience in his power. And how he delighted in transporting his audience with his considerable dramatic powers! He gave his readings not for money or for benefit of worthy causes, but because "there's nothing in the world equal to seeing the house rise at you, one sea of delighted faces, one hurrah of applause!"

During the last years of his life he began reading the murder scene

from *Oliver Twist*. Usually, at the end of one of his performances, the audience would begin to cheer, and continue until after he had changed clothes and left the building, but after that terrifying imaginative experience, there was complete silence. During the reading of the murder scene, Dickens' pulse rose from 72 to 112 and 124, and during his American tour and later, he was so exhausted after this reading, that for a quarter of an hour he could not utter an intelligible sentence. Despite his endangered health, he fed upon his thrill of thrilling others, and he lectured almost until the day of his death in 1870.

Dickens' Descriptions

Thus, whether Dickens' weapon was tongue or pen, his great delight and his great achievement was the portrayal of characters. But he also created the scenes for his people with great effect. It was said that he could walk down a street, and years afterwards enumerate the articles as they were arranged in the store windows. He drew on this photographic memory to create some of the most memorable beginnings in any novels, notably those found in *Great Expectations* and *Bleak House*. Resist, if you can, for example, a brief excerpt from his description of a room:

> It was a blotched, stained, mouldering room, like a vault; and there were waterpipes running through it, which, at unexpected times in the night, when other things were quiet, clicked and gurgled suddenly, as if they were choking.

At various times Dickens tried writing in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; but each time he hurried back to London, which he lovingly called "the great oven," for only after he had absorbed the atmosphere of London's people and streets, did he write most effectively. Only one who loved London dearly could write such a description:

> The streets of London, to be beheld in the very height of their glory, should be seen on a dark, dull, murky winter's night, when there is just enough damp gently stealing down to make the pavement greasy, without cleansing it of any of its impurities; and when the heavy, lazy mist, which hangs over every object, makes the gas-lamps look brighter, and the brilliantly-lighted shops more splendid, from the contrast they present to the darkness round.

Dickens' Characters

Always in Dickens the story begins and proceeds with people; plot is the mere machinery which enables his characters to exist and move about. In *David Copperfield*, as in Dickens' writings as a whole, how it turns out in the end is unimportant; along the way we have met unforgettable people; they stay with us forever.

The first thing we notice in Dickens is the unusual names of his characters. Often their names characterize: Oliver Twist, a youth misshaped by society; Mr. Gradgrind, the impersonal slave-driving teacher; Murdstone and Grinby, grim murderous men, hard as stone; Pip, Little Nell, Dora, heroes and heroines; Mrs. Gummidge, grumbler; Wilson Micawber, ostentatious pretention. He also uses stage effects to characterize, as when Miss Murdstone arrives at the Blunderstone Rookery: her metal trappings define her essential self.

She brought with her two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lids in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite.

Dickens also gives his characters identifying tags, which make them not only more easily identifiable, but more memorable to the reader. Old Mr. Peggotty says, "I'll be gormed," when he wants emphasis, and though nobody knows what the word means, it serves its purpose. The horrible pawnshop owner constantly said, "Oh, my lungs and liver, what do you want? Oh, goroo!" (*David Copperfield*, page 194, Modern Library College Edition). Mrs. Micawber's refrain is, "I'll never desert Mr. Micawber," while Mr. Micawber is always humming a tune or whistling (page 165 ff.), and Mr. Barkis' theme, carried out even to his death scene, is "Mr. Barkis is willing." The list could be extended almost indefinitely.

As is true with actual people, talk is more memorable than action or description. How these characters do "talk themselves alive," sometimes in little more than a paragraph! Read to your group, for example, the episode of the friendly waiter (chapter V, page 69 ff.), the ferocious bill collector, (chapter XI, page 168), the brutal tinker and his woman (chapter XIII, page 196 ff.), and a host of others. Dickens' prodigal powers of invention, of investing each character with his own mannerisms, distinctive speech rhythms, diction, and philosophy, are a source of unending delight.

David Copperfield

The most autobiographical of all Dickens' novels, *David Copperfield*, is also his best loved, both by author and reader. Years afterward Dickens wrote, "Like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child—and his name is David Copperfield" (containing the initials of Charles Dickens in reverse order). Particularly is the opening section of the novel memorable, since it is told from the innocent viewpoint of a child with such power and truth that it is completely irresistible.

Plot Summary

In main outline, the novel parallels Dickens' own life (see the preceding lesson). The boy David is reared by a weak, sensitive mother, who sends David for a few weeks to visit the Peggotty's, kin of his beloved Peggotty, the Copperfield's servant. He is very happy with old Mr. Peggotty, Ham, his nephew, and Little Emily, Ham's cousin, in their home, an inverted boat. When Davy returns home he finds there a stern new father, Mr. Murdstone, and his sister, who, through cruelty, alienate the son from them and cause David's mother's death. Davy is sent to school under the tyrannical Creakle, but meets two fine chums, Steerforth and Traddles. After his mother's death he is sent to London to earn his way. There he lives with the indebted, but happy Micawbers.

Hating his humiliating job in the dank, dark warehouse, Davy runs away to Dover to his Aunt Betsey Trotwood, who in kindness takes him in. He is sent to school,

living at the home of Betsey's lawyer, Mr. Wickfield, whose daughter Agnes is Davy's own age. He studies law under Mr. Spenlow and marries his daughter, Dora, who cannot keep house or accounts, yet they are serene and happy until her death two years later. By this time he is a successful author.

Steerforth meanwhile has met Little Emily, who is betrothed to Ham Peggotty. Steerforth induces her to run away with him, then abandons her. He returns to her home on a boat, and during a storm Ham sacrifices his own life trying to rescue Steerforth and the others aboard the stranded vessel. David marries Agnes Wickfield and with Micawber, saves her father from the evil clutches of Uriah Heep, his hypocritical clerk. At the end, the Peggotty family are shipped off to Australia, accompanied by Micawber and his wife, where all find success and happiness.

Theme of David Copperfield

The book begins in sheer delight. It was Dickens' first attempt to write in the first person and, once sensing the power of this new mode of approach, Dickens was carried away by his new creation, as is the reader who, following the emerging David through the first third of the book, is transported at Dickens' magic ability to create a book so filled with life that its characters stand erect from the page—indeed the page itself is hardly there, so intently does the reader live in the imagined world it describes.

David Copperfield is probably Dickens' gentlest book. Truly Dickens looked into his own heart and past as this tale unfolded. The basic tone is one of affection, domestic happiness, and unselfishness. If the novel has a theme, it is stated in Aunt Betsey Trotwood's parting advice to young David (she has renamed him Trotwood Copperfield) as he left for school in London: "Never be mean in anything; never be false; never be cruel. Avoid those three vices, Trot, and I can always be hopeful of you."

Within the novel itself, how often these virtues triumph over cruelty, designed evil, and vice. How kind are Peggotty and her family to Davy; how kind is Aunt Betsey to take in David, an unknown orphan boy; how thoughtful is Mr. Dick to young David, and in turn how kind is Miss Betsey in saving "simple" Mr. Dick from an insane asylum. How self-sacrificing is Mr. Peggotty in his long search to find Little Emily and save her; how kind he is to save Martha from her life of shame. And how kind of weak, childish Dora, not to be unkind to her husband as he seeks to "form her" to what she should be, until, finally, he realizes the high wisdom of loving her for her good qualities, rather than rebuking her for her inconsistencies.

Teaching of Friendliness

Dickens, like the happy people in this novel, felt such a great need for friends that he could overlook the numerous faults in his friends rather than criticize them and thus destroy their mutual happiness. "Friendship is better than criticism," Dickens said, "and I shall steadily hold my tongue." This entire novel proves the wisdom of

loyally standing by your friends, those who find joy in your company and to whom you feel an emotional attachment, no matter how foolish, childish, unrealistic, even simple-minded they might be when examined under the objective light of reality. Micawber is a cowardly dreamer who constantly chants his naive belief that "Something is bound to turn up," at the very moment that he goes to prison for debt and his household goods are pawned; yet he is a great friend with a kind heart. The newly wedded Dora's concept of her duties is to buy an entire barrel of oysters, and she serves them to company without their ever being opened (chapter XLIV, page 676). Later, as she dies, she lets her husband know that she knew her great weakness:

> I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature . . . (chapter LIII, page 808).

Yet, knowing this all the time, she believed her husband should love her anyway, and, finally, David likewise came to see that life is so short, and happiness so fleeting, that no weakness is sufficient to prevent us from cherishing those we should hold dear.

The book can be presented only in excerpts, but surely there should be excerpts from the first scenes between mother, son, and Aunt Betsey; present also Micawber, Creakle, and the Peggotty family, and Miss Emily, life with Dora, and sketches of whatever secondary characters most strongly dominate your memory of them. Remember to enjoy whatever you do decide to present, for if Dickens is to be read as a duty he is robbed beforehand of all chances to achieve his true stature. And Dickens should be known; he is too good to miss. Those who persevere, and meet him at his own leisurely pace, shall surely reap their considerable reward, one of the richest pleasures one can know in the realm of books.

Note to Class Leaders

If time permits, a reading of Dickens' impressions of a Mormon emigrant ship would be interesting. (Roberts, B. H.: *A Comprehensive History of The Church* V, pp. 91-93.)

Questions for Discussion

1. What justification was there for Dickens' attitude toward America? Do you think he was unfair? Discuss.
2. Why might Dickens be regarded primarily as an actor?
3. List various devices Dickens employed successfully in creating his characters. For you, which is most effective?
4. What is your greatest source of enjoyment in Dickens' autobiography, *David Copperfield*? Why is it one of the best-loved books in English literature?

Women at Conference

Maryhale Woolsey

Their eyes lift reverently to Temple spires;
Their ears are keened to hear a leader's voice,
And peace is in their own low-spoken words.
Let any doubter see, in these, their choice
Has been a happy one. The sunset years
For them are bright with faith, and free of fears.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 3—The Place of the Constitution in History

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, January 26, 1954

Objective: To review briefly the most important documents and events which preceded the Constitution and to show that the Constitution of the United States was the crowning achievement in man's struggle for freedom.

IN order to properly evaluate the Constitution of the United States, some attention to its historical significance is necessary. This evaluation should come early in this course of study, in order to provide perspective and background for the lessons which follow. Our aim is to enhance the appreciation of the members of Relief Society for the Constitution and the great concepts of liberty and justice which it embodies. An examination of its place and significance in history should add materially to that appreciation, and should further stimulate the interest and desire of Latter-day Saint women to learn all that they are able to learn concerncerning the Constitution.

Historical Significance of the Constitution

Historically, the Constitution should be viewed from two standpoints. First of all, we should be interested in the place which the Constitution occupies in history as an accomplishment on the long and difficult road which man has followed in his quest for freedom and opportunity to exercise free agency. Secondly, how does the Constitution, as a political document and framework of government compare with all of the attempts of men to organize governments or human societies which preceded it or which have since been attempted?

Historical Documents Preceding Constitution

It must be remembered that the Constitution by no means represents the first or only attempt of man to attain free and democratic government. History records many such attempts going back many centuries. In the brief space here available, we can do no more than very briefly refer to the more important historical documents which preceded the Constitution.

The Constitution of the United States is first and foremost of Anglo-Saxon origin. It is true that certain very fundamental concepts of government which form part of our constitutional system came from countries other than England. We are deeply indebted to the great philosophers and thinkers responsible for those concepts. Thus, for example, the great Greek philosopher Aristotle, and de Montesquieu (Mon' tes ku), the great French philosopher, were among those who could and, possibly, should be named who made philosophical contributions on government which have become a very definite part of the system which we now enjoy.

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From a Painting by Rothermel
(1817-1895)

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

For our purposes, however, we shall be largely concerned with Anglo-Saxon institutions and documents which formed the vast historical background of the Constitution.

Anglo-Saxon Background

In Anglo-Saxon history, perhaps the first recorded beginning relating to democratic government was the concept that people who are governed should have some voice in determining who should do the governing. This concept was given effect by the ancient Saxons before the Norman Conquest (1066 A.D.). They had a system of government which made provisions for the election of their kings. Those kingships were not hereditary, as has usually been the case. By this system the Saxons were able to prevent the perpetuation of despotic rule. If a king was a tyrant, the succession of the tyranny was, to some extent, controlled. One of the fundamental principles of democracy is the right of people to select those who are to govern. Thus we see that this principle had a very early beginning in the minds of men.

Charter of Henry I

After the Norman Conquest, the Norman kings ruled by divine right, and most of them refused to give any recognition to the democratic principle of giving the people a voice in the selection of their rulers or in government itself. However, these principles were given at least

partial recognition by Henry I about 1100 A.D. In his reign there was promulgated what came to be known as the Charter of Henry I. In it the principle of constitutional rule, as it had existed prior to the Conquest, received re-affirmation. This charter was a political document of extremely great importance and far-reaching consequence. It deserves the recognition which it has received as a milestone on the path of liberty.

After Henry died, his successors repudiated this charter and even went to great lengths to have it destroyed. The authors of the charter, with great astuteness and foresight, had one hundred copies of it made. It was well that they did so, because the successors of Henry hunted throughout England to locate and destroy the entire one hundred copies. They nearly succeeded, because by the time of Magna Charta there was in existence but a single copy. This one copy survived, hidden away in some place which was forgotten, until it was brought forth in the reign of King John to remind him of the guaranties of individual liberty which it contained.

Magna Charta

Magna Charta, or Great Charter (which is what its Latin name means) was written in 1215 A.D. This great charter is the foundation of constitutional liberty as we know it today. It was forced from a reluctant and stubborn king by his rebellious barons and subjects on the battefield. There followed a period of English history marked by arbitrary, cruel, and tyrannical rule.

From Magna Charta came, among other things, the concept of the right of an accused to a fair trial by a jury of his peers. It further repudiated the doctrine of absolutism, that is to say, the arbitrary power of kings and rulers to govern as they pleased without being answerable to anyone but their own private consciences. It sought to impose, to some extent, a government of laws in place of a government of men.

In spite of all the efforts to destroy Magna Charta, even by papal bull [formal document of the Pope having a seal (bulla) attached], it survived, and with it survived many of the concepts of constitutional liberties which we enjoy today. Magna Charta marked the first time in England that an absolute ruler was forced to recognize the rights of common men. It was, in very truth, a magnificent beacon light of human freedom.

Powers of English Courts and Parliament Expanded

As time went on, other developments in England occurred which enlarged and extended the liberties and freedoms of Englishmen. Among other things, the courts of law gradually gained independence over the executive power which created and appointed them. It became established that judges should interpret the laws without regard to the wishes of the ruler, and even in cases where the king himself was a party, the law, and not the kingly desire or wish, must control. This, of course, gave great impetus and security to free institutions. The powers of the English Parliament

expanded and finally became the lawmaking power, not merely advisory or consultive as in its early history.

With the principle of divine right and arbitrary rule abolished, with the power to enact laws safely lodged in the hands of representatives of the people, and with the courts firmly established in their independence, the foundations of the great English democracy became secure, and upon these foundations there developed the great English common law and system of government which we know today.

Concepts of Freedom Incorporated in American Colonial Governments

By the time of the American Revolution, all of the essential concepts of free government had been developed in England, and these great institutions of democracy were brought to our shores with the first settlements in America. In addition to this, the colonists had further experience in self-government over a period of 150 years. Each colony had its own separate charter or grant of governmental power which the colonists exercised. Separated as they were from the mother country by a vast ocean, and communication with the mother country being, as a consequence, difficult and uncertain, the colonists developed even more pronounced habits of independence. Nurtured in an environment which encouraged independence, independence flourished and grew.

As time went on, collisions and irritations occurred between the authority in the mother country, which was represented by its royal colonial governments, and the independent, spirited colonists. As these frictions grew, and as arbitrary attempts to override local wishes respecting government occurred, there developed in these hardy colonists the determination to cut all ties with the mother country. It is unnecessary to say more than to recall the great event of the Revolutionary War and the consequent independence of these colonists.

Constitution—The Crowning Achievement of Man's Struggle for Political Freedom

From it all evolved the Constitution. Its framers had a rich and wonderful heritage to draw upon. There were many precedents to follow. The debt to the precursors of the Constitution was great. The men who wrote the Constitution knew their history. They were well versed in the theories and philosophy of government. By experience they knew the kind of government which they wanted for themselves. They understood the essential elements of individual freedom.

Giving due consideration to the greatness of the accomplishments on behalf of liberty which preceded the Constitution, that great instrument stands by itself, pre-eminent above all other accomplishments on the path of freedom. Most men will agree that, historically, the Constitution of the United States represents the crowning achievement in man's struggle for political freedom. It exceeds by far all previous attempts made by men to achieve that end. It was the product of a free people acting alone in its sovereign capacity to create a gov-

ernment of free men. Never before nor since has such a successful experiment in government been conceived or undertaken. There have been many other attempts made to write constitutions, and there are many nations in the earth today which have a constitutional form of government. Some of these constitutions, such as that of England, had their initial beginning in grants of power conceded by a sovereign to the people, either forcibly or otherwise. The Constitution of the United States, on the other hand, represents the greatest and the first constitution written and formulated by the representatives of a people acting on its own behalf for the purpose of creating the kind of government which it desired to have.

Our Constitution has withstood the test of 165 years. It is the supreme law of the mightiest nation the world has ever known. Under it, common men have enjoyed the greatest measure of liberty and opportunity ever known. The verdict of history places this great charter of liberty upon the pinnacle of all time.

Gladstone characterized the Constitution of the United States as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Certainly as a political document, we would not be in error in wholeheartedly subscribing to the verdict of that great statesman.

In conclusion, we would point out that the Constitution was the glorious final product of liberty and not the beginning of it, and we should remind ourselves of the great debt we owe to those great men

Xmas Music

FOR LADIES THREE PART CHORUSES

Birthday of a King—Neidlinger ..... .15
Carol of the Bells—Wilhousky ..... .20
Christ Child Divine—Schumaker ..... .18
Christmas Song—Adam ..... .16
Christmas Bells—McCollin ..... .25
In Bethlehem Is Born The Holy Child—Scholin ..... .15
Innkeeper's Carol—Warner ..... .22
Jingle Bells—Pierpont ..... .22
O Holy Night—Adam ..... .15
Silent Night—Epperson ..... .12

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who fought and died for freedom in the long centuries which preceded the Constitution and which made it possible.

References

Any good history of England or encyclopedia.

Bowen, Albert R.: "The Constitution and The United Nations Charter," *The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1951, pp. 507-511.

(If available) Costain, Thomas B.: *The Conquerors*—The Pageant of England, Doubleday & Co., 1949.

Smith, Joseph Fielding: *The Progress of Man*, pp. 150-156.

Questions for Discussion

1. Name the principal sources and events from which the founding fathers obtained their ideas on government.

2. What were some of the political concepts developed in England prior to the settlement of America?

3. Have there been other attempts, besides the founding of our government, to establish constitutional government? If so, how do such attempts compare with the United States Constitution?

Autumn

Gene Romolo

Autumn has come
To mountain and valley
In splendorous beauty,
Like a tropical bird
Leaving hues of its plumage
On every tree's foliage;
And the voice of the wind
Is filled with the echo
Of ebbing swan-song.

The Deeper Melody

(Continued from page 667)

pretty poor, in spite of his good salary. The cost of help, of rent, food, and clothes, made a pretty tight race between the bills and payday.

The doctor explained, "I wasn't worried about myself. I have to look out for the nurse, Miss Crain, since she won't look out for herself. Where's the telephone? I'll call her, and then the drugstore for some medicine. Here are her written orders."

It seemed only minutes after he had left that the children came running to babble about a car and a pretty lady. Steve watched the nurse getting out of the cab, coming up the walk. She was in uniform, a navy blue cape over her shoulders, her white cap in one hand and a black case in the other.

She walked with a swift grace and proud bearing. Steve looked at her with alarm and dismay. Such a creature as this would never stay in his miserable domain, perhaps wouldn't know the first thing about taking care of a sick child. Somehow he had expected—and wanted—a middle-aged, motherly woman, perhaps plump, but certainly comfortable and capable.

(To be continued)

Sunflower Lesson

Lucy Woolley Brown

Fields of lovely sunflowers
Dancing in the wind,
Always face high toward the sun,
Gladly follow him.

I can find a lesson in your
Golden, cheery faces:
I will look up toward the sun
From dark and gloomy places.

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Canning Magic

Lydia Bennett Egbert

There is magic in this summer chore
My kitchen calls me to;
When berries, lush, are heaped in mounds,
Yet fresh with morning dew.

On fleeting moments I am borne
Into a paradise,
Where vapor rises, savory-sweet,
From depths of tropic spice.

Within this hour I am a queen
Displaying gems of old
In crystal vessels, translucent
To rubies, jade, and gold.

Oh, there is magic in this chore
My kitchen calls me to,
And I'm adrift in heavenly clouds
Before it's midway through!

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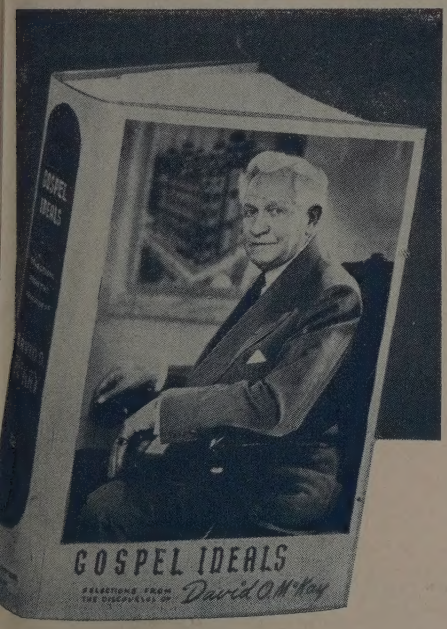

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